

Becoming the Other

a self guide

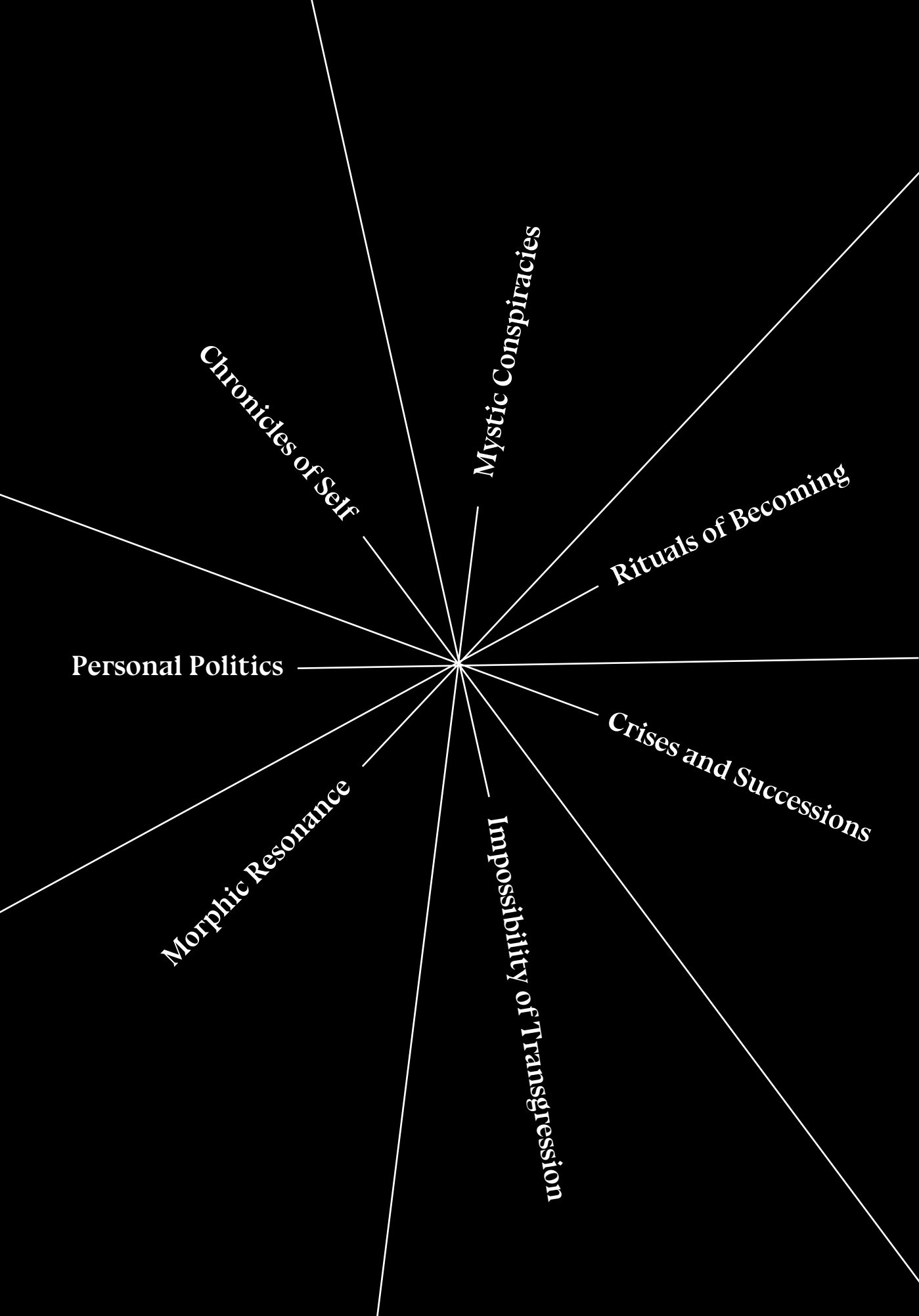


A PROJECT BY ÆTHER
FOR SOFT POWER PALACE 2018



*Hajdut Velko
19th century*

While we have long known that hereditary genes are responsible for physical attributes and for illnesses or allergies, scientists have discovered that the trauma experienced by one generation can alter genes and those mutations can be passed along to offspring.



Entering the zone of becoming we have collected reactions, thoughts, essays and projects from artists from all over the world. In this attempt we present a version of a manual (self guide) for Becoming the Other. The content is divided into 7 chapters that reflect a sense of the different process and come closer to one another or in some cases in radical polarity. Each phase is immanent and equally important in this cycle of understanding and allowing the subject to physicalize Its potential and fulfill its drive.

Trust the wait.
Embrace the
uncertainty.
Enter the
transformation.
Tune in.
When nothing
is certain,
anything is possible.

A change?

Æ

Diving thought this prescription, mind scouting the landscape and completing this guide step by step, uncovering processes and embodying some ideas, we hope to come closer to envision the ghostly matter of Who and What constitutes subject of the Other.

To man the world is twofold, in accordance with his twofold attitude.

The attitude of man is twofold, in accordance with the twofold nature of the primary words which he speaks.

The primary words are not isolated words, but combined words.

The one primary word is the combination *I-Thou*.

The other primary word is the combination *I-It*; wherein, without a change in the primary word, one of the words *He* and *She* can replace *It*.

Hence the *I* of man is also twofold.

For the *I* of the primary word *I-Thou* is a different *I* from that of the primary word *I-It*.

★

Primary words do not signify things, but they intimate relations.

Primary words do not describe something that might exist independently of them, but being spoken they bring about existence.

Primary words are spoken from the being.

If *Thou* is said, the *I* of the combination *I-Thou* is said along with it.

If *It* is said, the *I* of the combination *I-It* is said along with it.

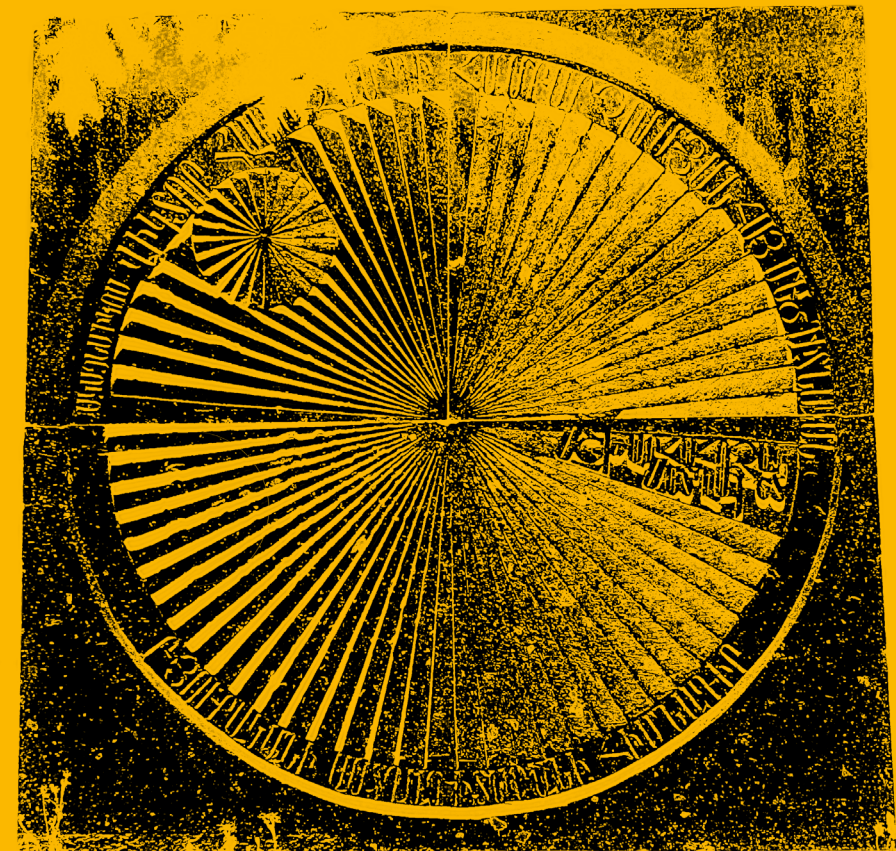
The primary word *I-Thou* can only be spoken with the whole being.

The primary word *I-It* can never be spoken with the whole being.

★

3

Chronicles of Self



The Green Room

Kiril Stanoev



Last Time We Talked

Andrew Fremont Smith

B whisper I

B and i were upstairs when the lights suddenly went out. Meanwhile the sun was at a 35 degree angle cutting across the floor, making a b line for the fireplace. T was slumped in his favorite chair. Dead to the world. J was outside running for a possum.

I uncurled from B and headed for the basement to check the fuse box. B called from the other room : the lights! yeah the lights probably the fuse was tripped. i said loud enough for B to hear, but hopefully not so loud that T would wake.

And there in the main room was J tearing a possum apart. Blood and chunks of flesh circled J's paws thick and oily bright red. J looked up wondering for a moment if all was ok.

I turned towards the basement.

The house shook. just a brief moment. But a tremor. J howled.

B cried out but I couldn't understand the words.

T was up. T's heavy feet could be heard a mile away.

Get to a door frame I shouted to everyone.

It was hurricane season and there was no knowing what was next, as they say.

J leapt to me, in three jumps, dark red blood flying from the snout.

And that's all I remember.

Next thing I woke in a hall. On the floor. The sun cut across at a 35 degree angle making a b line for the green door.

the smell of chlorine was acute. Causing me to sneeze. Two people lifted me up. i didn't recognize them.

.....

B was whispering.

It was B's mouth next to my ear I rationalized. But it wasn't clear.

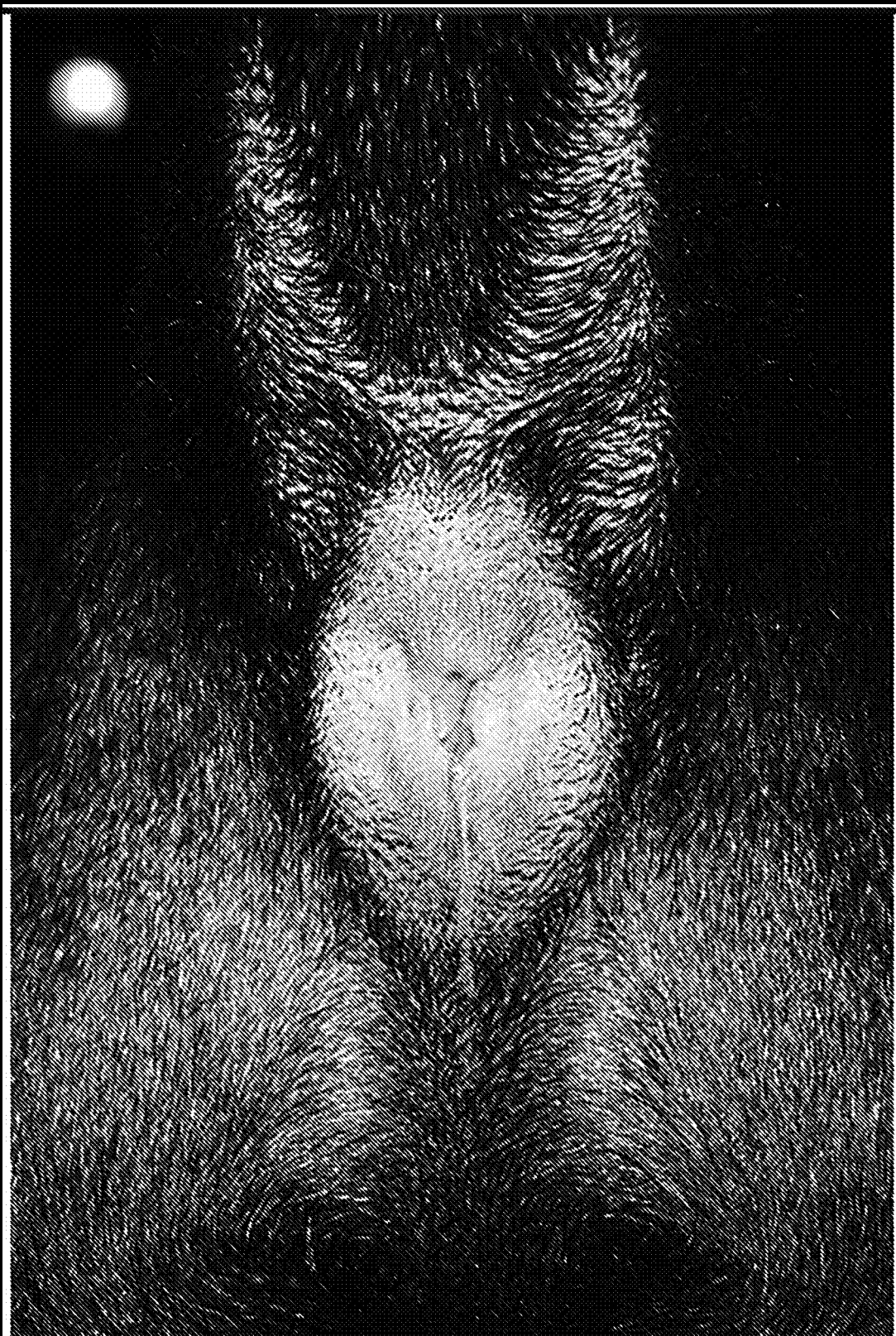
the house was spinning on a wheel

radios, lights, washing machines flying out of the two doors.

the sun streaming at a 33 degree angle cutting the house almost in half, so that as it spun it seemed to flip in on itself and then return to being where it had always been. It was an optical illusion I realized yet it kept surprising me. J leapt from window to window grabbing dead birds, raccoons, squirrels, possums in the grip of its jaws. Engaged in some kind of quick organizing of these dead creatures. Standing on different eaves with no loss of balance, flying from window to window, as the spinning started to go faster. I shouted J come down. J jumped to the ground, in what seemed a far too long jump but landed across the field. The house turned on its side and dropped to the ground, in one silent fall. The walls unfolded like a box. The light was grey. Rain was imminent.

B was whispering. T's heavy feet were near. The sun was cutting across the floor at a 35 degree angle, making a b line for the door. I couldnt see my hands. This concerned me.

And yet rain was imminent.





Holy Sofia

Ani Kodjabasheva

Late morning in the apartment in Mladost.
I look out on the domino grid of Sofia's plattenbau.
Not much to see here. I take the subway downtown.
The Roman ruins have little to do to with me.
It's not a bad place to be alone.
The obelisk for the Soviet Army
And the clock tower over Les Halles -
Empty forms for one's thoughts to alight on.
Like pigeons on the cornices of the mosque.
As the muezzin calls each afternoon,
They soar up - a dull gray flock
Circling the minaret, casting quick shadows
On the Portuguese pavement.
After prayer, they descend again
And rest on the buttresses holding the dome.
Pigeons and mourning doves,
And the pensioners and laborers out of work
Sitting on benches, and the high schoolers
Drinking beers with heroic statues:
Sofia's holy spirits.
Rest your head on the marble-clad parapet
Beneath the bronze Russian soldier.
Sit with the grandmas and drunks
In the garden behind the apartment block.
Summer draws to a close.
With time, you'll become part of the cityscape.
The traces you leave - present, visible and illegible.
The living quietly keeping watch.

Men Under Control

Christophe Hamaide-Pierson







#Untitled Identity, We contain multitudes.

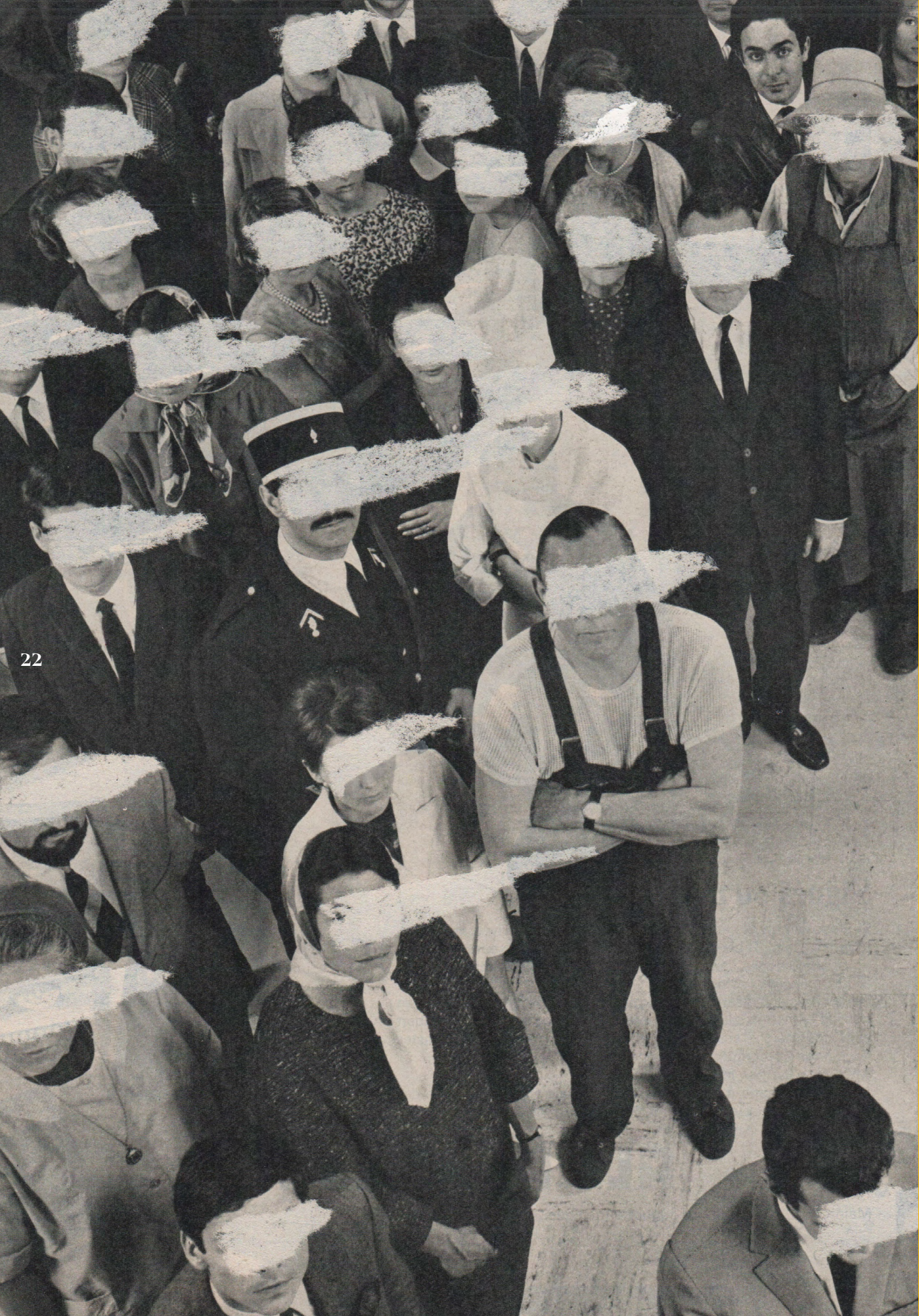
Tiago de Matos

“*We contain multitudes*” explores the fact that we see ourselves differently in different contexts and the tools we develop to adapt.

(...)
 “Do I contradict myself?
 Very well then I contradict myself,
 (I am large, I contain multitudes.) (...)
 Walt Whitman

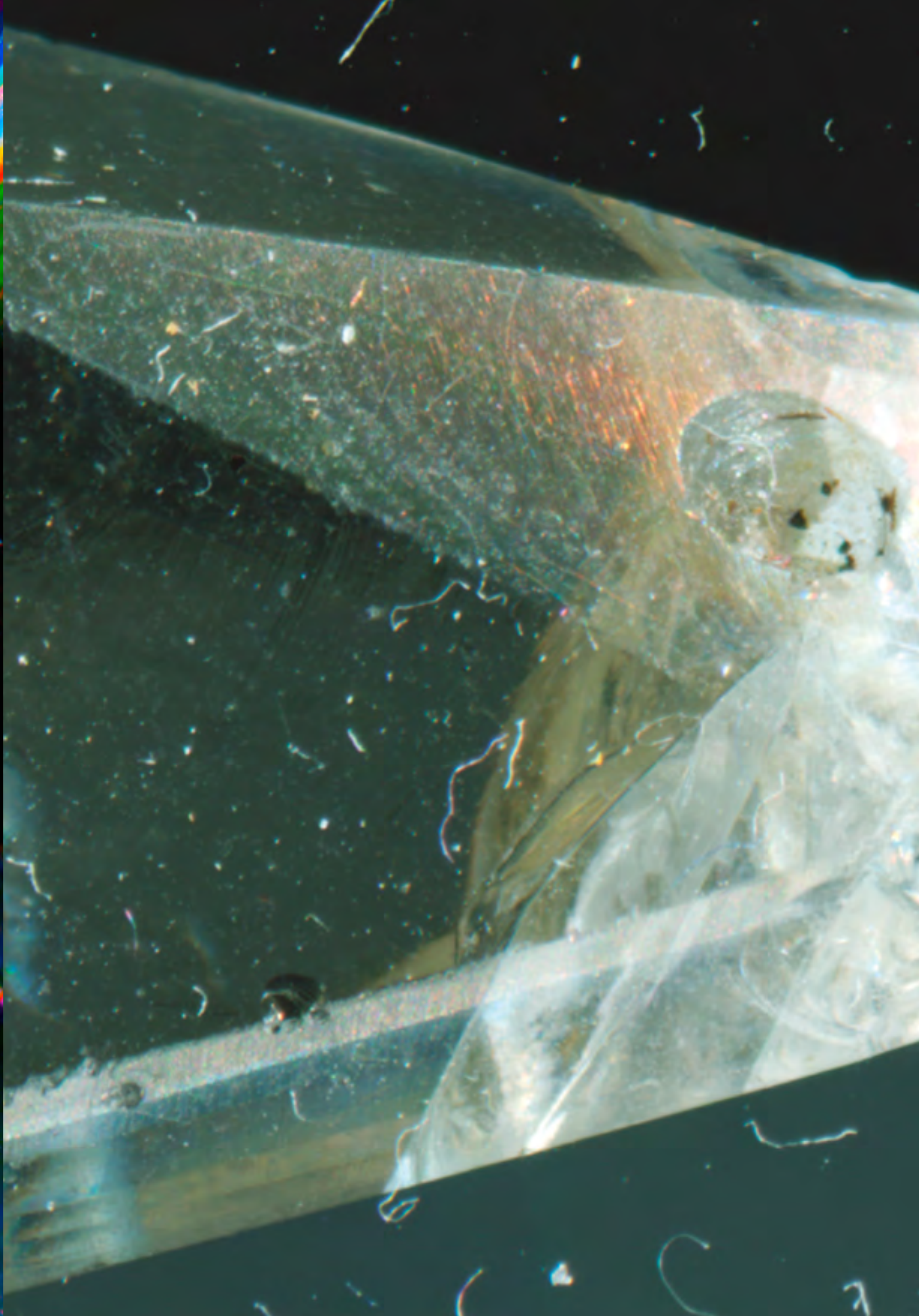
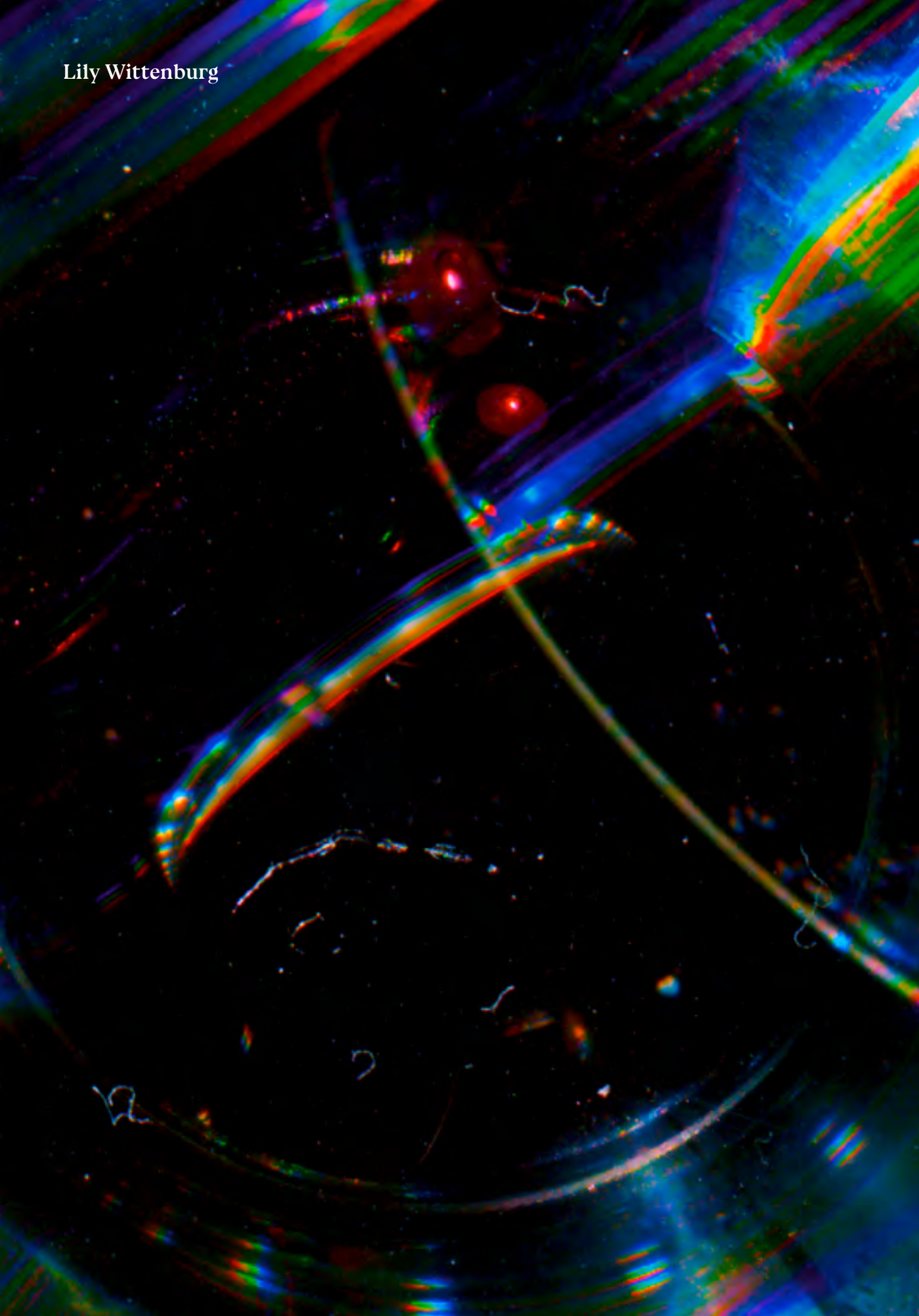


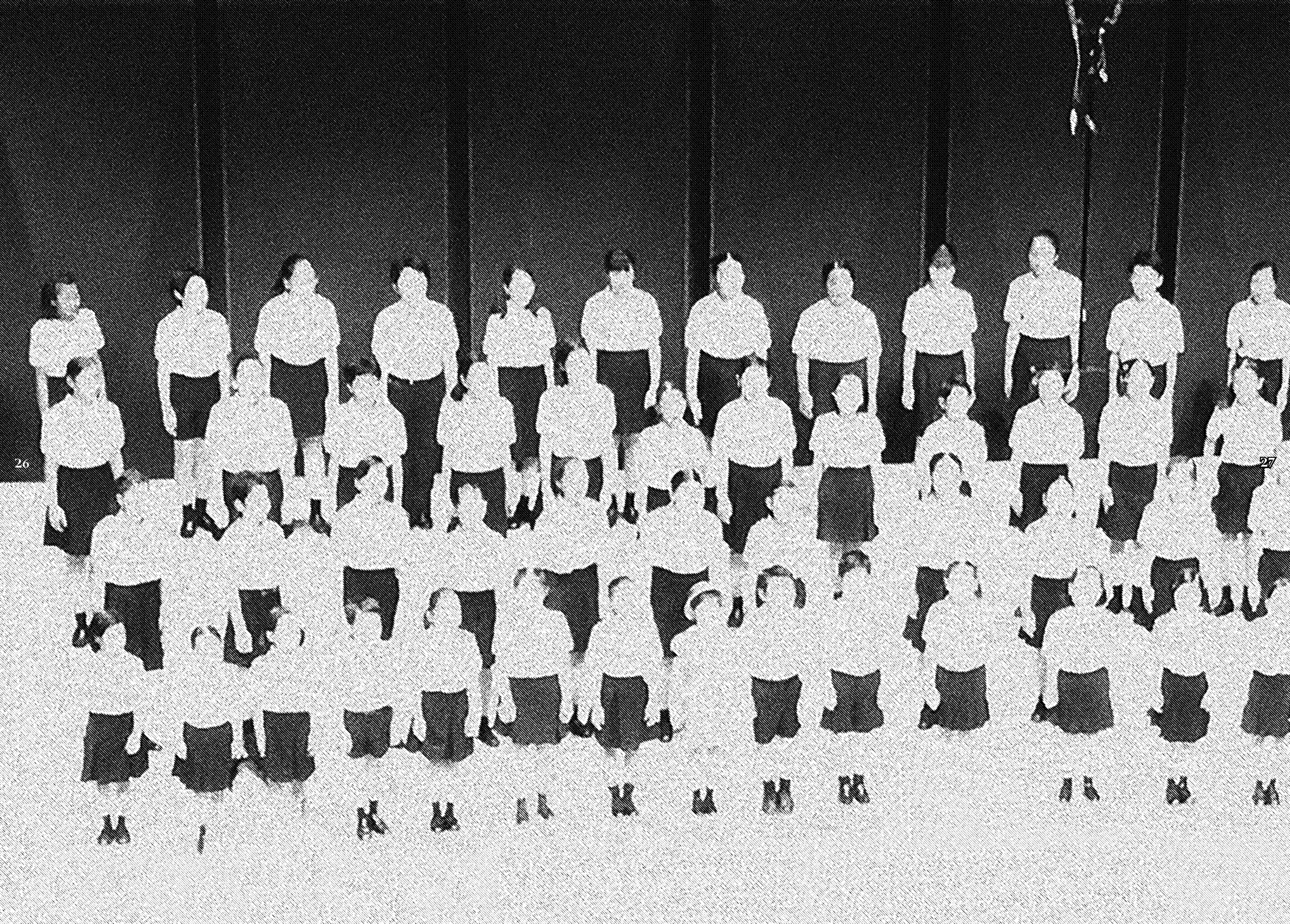




Mystic Conspiracies







Notes on the Miracle of Objects and Becoming the Other

Andrew Fremont Smith

1> All objects, all machines, all model-forms, all things, as such, are absolutely withdrawn and strange to each other.

so then...

2> All 'connections', all new relations are, as such, in a primary translation and transcription when and if one Thing shall meet another. There is no connection per se at the 'outset', but rather a possible communication and then a possible irrevocable plasticity.

so then...

3> What we call volition (or the conscious action of choice/decision), is an idea of an object (which occupies and extends our fantasy or imaginatory structure(s) of re/membering, as such, in the 'real').

so then...

4> Other objects whether living/"organic" or not, may or may not be able to receive the concept that is put forth in the extension of an idea, by one thing. Another thing may or may not "interact". And as such yet, there are hyper-objects or aggregates or assemblages of objects, which form

regular and fairly reducible patterns of consistent comprehension and process.

so then....

5> The miracle is the event of a conjunction that surpasses the subjective sense of its possibility in the here and now. The activity and events of 2 objects meeting rapidly, multiplying, transforming from the static well of the virtual, in to the realization of the desire which exceeds the desire itself, by its absolute arrival and transformation of all terms

And as such....

6> It is a sudden complete articulation of a new identity, only previously imagined at the level of a (forgotten) dream.

but note...

7> There are no 'bad' miracles per se.

And so....

8> Further research is needed to uncover the Miracle's relation to the Good and/or the Real of Providence/Grace as such...

For we can say...

9> That a miracle revolutionizes in absolute contingency and without recourse to Reason





Guantanamaste!

We begin with four Ground Zero Level YAGA poses, these positions help connect the body and the mind via the neck. Con-neck-t! This day and age the most important quality you can have is flexibility. This way you won't just survive, you'll thrive.

Ground Zero YAGA really focuses on the neck area; it's very important to stay flexible especially because this area can be fraught with so many chronic problems. When we have too many expectations, or are too rigid, it's very difficult to flexibly adapt to and generate opportunities.

So many people suffer from muscle tension, migraines, tech neck, cancers, loss of voice, whiplash, spinal injuries, which are frequently connected to feelings of hopelessness, anxiety, rage, and depression.

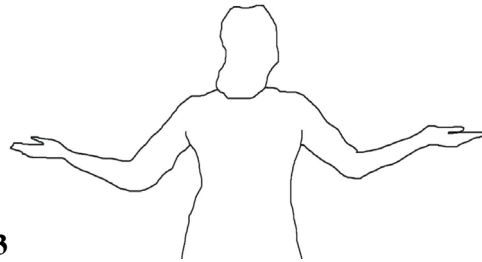
To prep us for our practice and clear our third head space we swipe away all the screens distracting us. Close all the windows, swipe away your social media, quit your open applications, forget your unanswered emails... it's time to focus on yourself. Give yourself a little hug. Congratulate yourself for showing up today.

Let's set an intention, think of this as your personal motto, or slogan, or life sentence. Next do a quick body scan. You don't have to take a position, just whatever position you're in already is fine. You may want to close your eyes for this. Forget what you have previously known.

As you're scanning the body you'll notice some areas of tension or stress, maybe some pain. You want to be vigilant, no judgment, just take some detailed mental notes of where these places are. These are the areas where Free Radicals congregate.

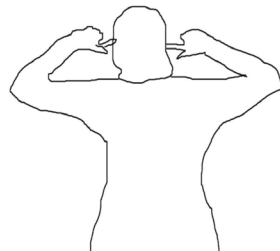
With continued YAGA practice you'll regain balance in your body, so these tensions will be neutralized and integrated.

We can't answer all questions with a simple yes or no... we don't have all the answers, we don't have to!



3
The Yes-Us Shrug: Turn your hands up towards space, bend your elbows and rotate your shoulders up and down.

Do you feel the loosening of your joints here? This movement builds warmth in the shoulders, inviting in Whi and squeezing out any Free Radicals who've made themselves at home there.

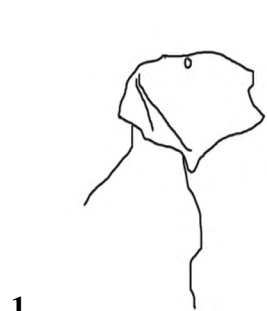


4
The Stress Block: Put your hands in the air at two right angles, then make two little guns with your fingers and then just block out the world. We don't need to be present (to all this stress around us), let this position help you focus on the inside. You'll feel a stretch across the chest, as you pull your elbows back a little.

Giving the Free Radicals a little scare also helps to neutralize them, challenging them to work harder—while also helping to make your mind more relaxed and compliant.

Now we're starting to feel energized but also pacified. These are four easy poses that you can practice anywhere, anytime, or all the time! Take a moment to rest and enjoy your sense of safety and comfort, the calm and protection all around you. Your whi-bliss will bring you to the ESSENTIALHAPPINESSPOSSIBILITY.

Ground Zero



1
The Rise Above: Inhale and raise your gaze upward towards space beyond, bring your chin up towards the drones flying above.

Imagine a place you'd rather be, like on a plane and you're flying to your favorite holiday destination. You feel free, you don't need a visa—we're all free to rise above. You're in a class all your own.



2
The Lockdown: Lower your gaze, drop your chin, pull your shoulders down. In this pose we protect our necks, respecting the vulnerability of ambitiousness.

Body language can say so much, here we say "I have the ability to protect myself."



Return to Rise Above, exhale again into Lockdown. Rising above and locking down, this starts to release your Whi and increase your flexibility. Making it easier to say yes to everything.

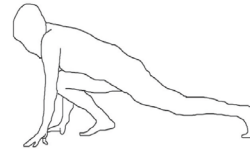
Whi rises and Free Radicals tend to sink, saying yes creates Whi flow, and along with neck flexibility it is possible to begin to bend reality around your mind.

Level 9

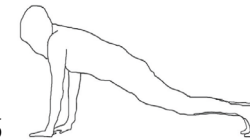
Now that we've been energized and neutralized with Ground Zero Level YAGA we're ready for YAGA Flow Level 9 to balance and invigorate your exclusive equality.



1
We begin by facing West. Then we turn right and turn right again, and continue this progression of turning right over and over.

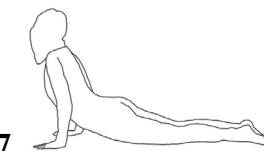


5
Now wind turbine your arms down to the right into Sprinter. We take off from here, feel the intensity about to burst forth. This is the Whi feeling!!! So good!!!

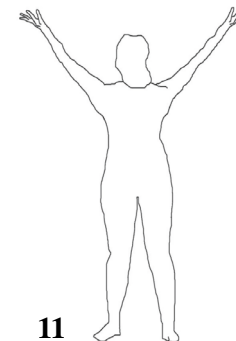


6
Now jump into Push-Up or Babaramdev.

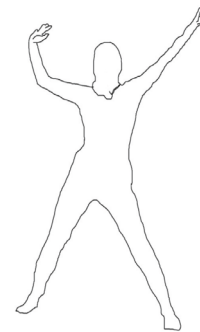
Do you feel a little tingling sensation?



7
Then evolve into Top Dog or Upwardly Mobile Dog (you know what your body is capable of).



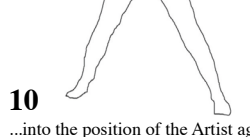
11
And jump to the Y...



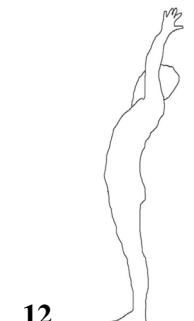
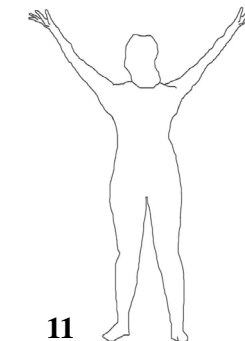
These positions move the Free Radicals to the margins while keeping Whi at the core, producing integrity in your spine. Neutralized Free Radicals can help protect the core strength.



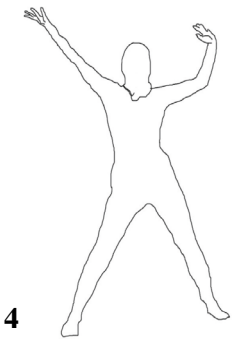
9
Step your left foot forward into Sprinter, and then wind turbine up to the right...



10
...into the position of the Artist again. If you make a mistake or you missed something, just delete it. Feel empowered to edit and make changes.



12
...and then finally to I. We always start and end with I.



4
Now turn to the right into the position of the Artist, or you may recognize it as the Vitruvian Man by Leonardo da Vinci. Release your energy outward, be creative, whatever you feel, you can rotate your wrists, spread your fingers, wiggle it out. Take up all the space, all the space you can. Create an energetic field. This is about you. In the position of the artist we curate reality and frame the truth.



8
Then back into Underdog, a place of neutralization, only stay here for a moment we just move through this position quickly. You will feel the Free Radicals getting stirred up, but just touch this authenticity with your movements.

Level 2001+

Welcome to level 2001+. With these positions we discover our true Whi-bliss through self-fracking—putting an end to world suffering through Torture Compassion. ble to release any feelings of anxious responsibility that hinder your day-to-day activities. This will help to keep you connected to those you really care about. These exercises also build up your endurance, making it possible to produce longer durational performances, which is essential to happiness!

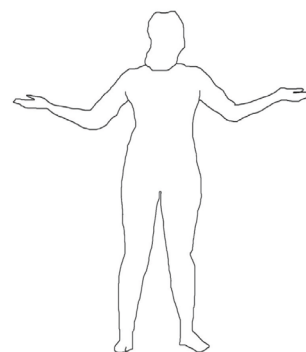
Indefinite Attention

Roll back onto our knees and move up to our toes, using our body democracy expanders for extra padding, we clasp our hands behind the back as we take the indefinite attention pose. Remember your breathing here. Take notes on any pain you feel, or any indictable thoughts or memories that might come up. We want to send continuous compassion from our Whi energy/bliss to the places we feel the Free Radicals are hiding out. We don't always know where they will move to next, so it is very important to set concrete limitations with your breath and Whi. You will feel movement here from your back to your ankles as the Free Radicals ground themselves and try to escape.



The Ostrich

The northern hemisphere travels to the south, collecting resources deep within and centralizing our power, arms wrap around the backs of our legs, as our knees bend and our heads reach through to our hands, which touch or plug the ears. You will feel the Free Radicals' confusion as they scramble about, unsure which way to go. This reorientation does not disturb the Whi which you will feel hovering in the back of your spine. Return to your enhanced breathing to create warmth and comfort for your mind bubble.



Guantanamaste!

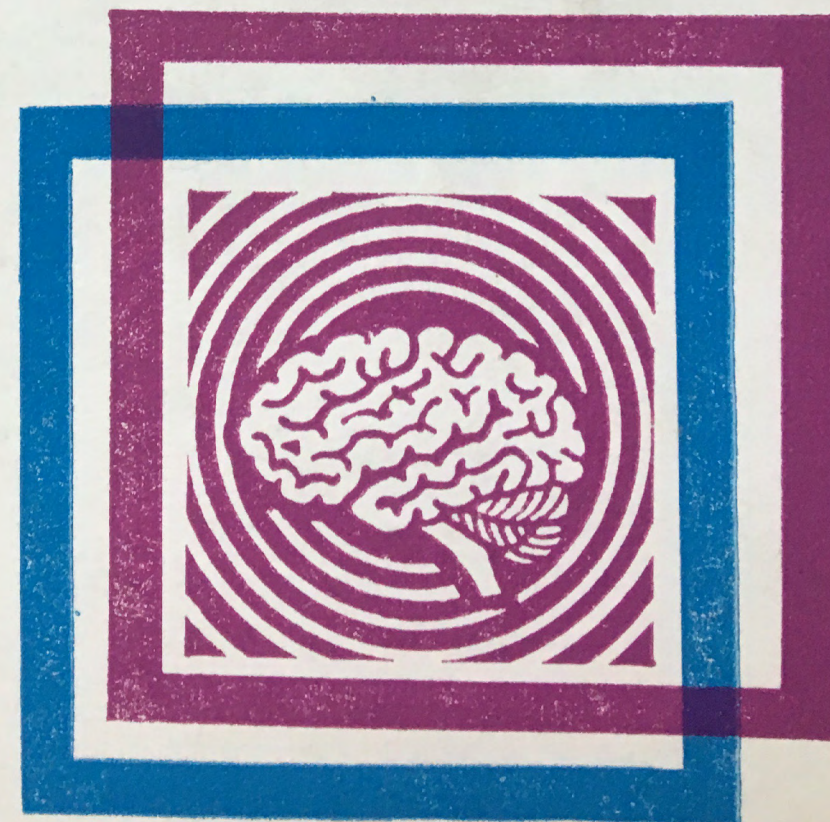
Don't forget, you put yourself in this position! Whatever is, is.

Телепатия ясновидство парапсихо- логия

БИБЛИОТЕКА ЛЕКАРЯТ ВИ СЪВЕТВА

35

МЕДИЦИНА И ФИЗКУЛТУРА

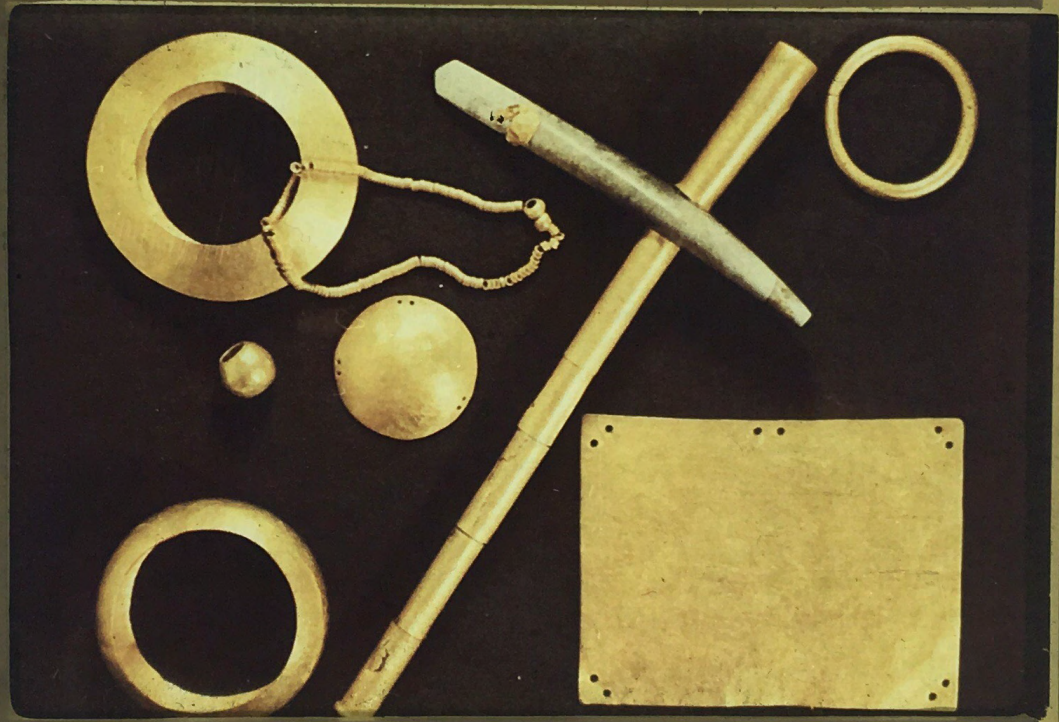


„Едно старо положение — пише Енгелс — на преминалата в народното съзнание диалектика гласи, че крайностите се допират. И затова ние едва ли ще сгрешим, ако потърсим крайните степени на фантазборството, лековерието и суеверието не в оная природонаучна насока, която — като немската натурфилософия — е търсела да смести обективния свят в рамките на своето субективно мислене, а, напротив, в противоположната насока, която, кичейки се само с опита, се отнася към мисленето със суверенно презрение и действително е стигнала най-далеч в липсата на всякакво мислене. Тая школа господствува в Англия. Още нейният баща, многопрославеният Френсис Бейкън“... дава в своята естествена история формени рецепти за правене на злато и за извършване на разни чудеса“.

Известният английски физик Исак Нютон на стари години се е занимавал много с тълкуването на „Откровението“ на Йоан.

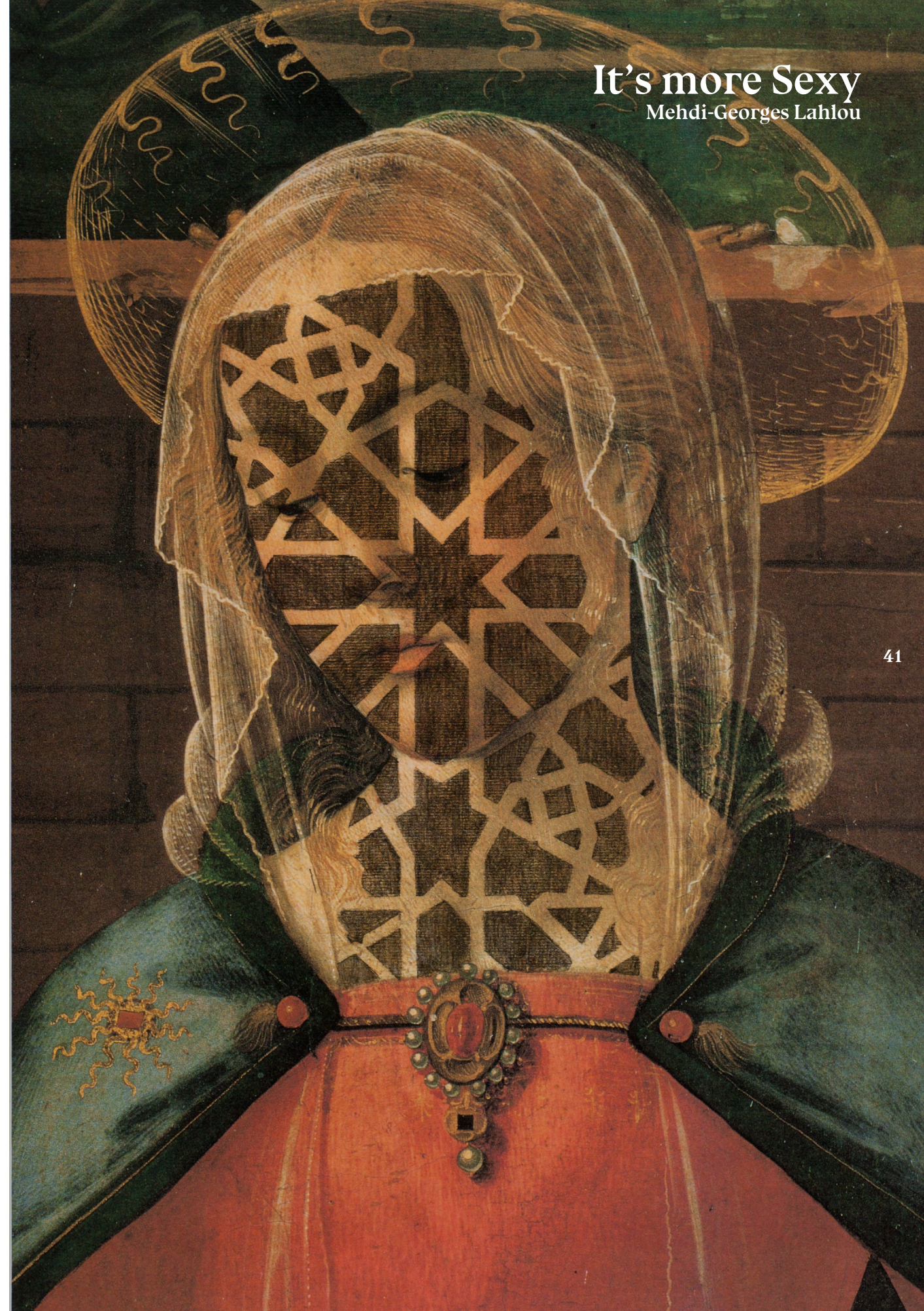
Особено характерен е примерът със знаменития физик и химик Уилям Крукс, откривателя на химическия елемент талий и на радиометъра, основоположника на съвременната електроника. Останал дълбоко религиозен, Крукс през голяма част от своя съзнателен живот попада в плен на спиритизма — антинаучно учение, утвърждаващо вярването в задгробния живот на духовете на умрелите и във възможността да се общува с тях чрез различни външни знаци и с посредничеството на медиуми — лица, надарени със „свръхестествени способности“ за посредничество между хората и духовете. Спиритизмът става модна „научна“ концепция в края на 1880 г.: „Душите на умрелите можели да бъдат извикани, при което те извършвали активна дейност: въртели маси, свирели на инструменти, разговаряли, обличали се в химерни призрачни одежди и др.“ За голямо съжаление обаче на такива като Крукс тези „активни“ души никога не могли да проявяват своите чудеса без наличието на посредник — медиум. Крукс не можал да си обясни защо това е именно така, въпреки че си обяснил всичко останало „строго научно“. Гениалният медиум на Крукс била някоя си „мис Флоренс Кук“. Това била една млада дама, която, както сам Крукс разправял, достигнала своята върхна точка в създаването на завършена женска фигура, която твърдяла, че произхожда от света на духовете.

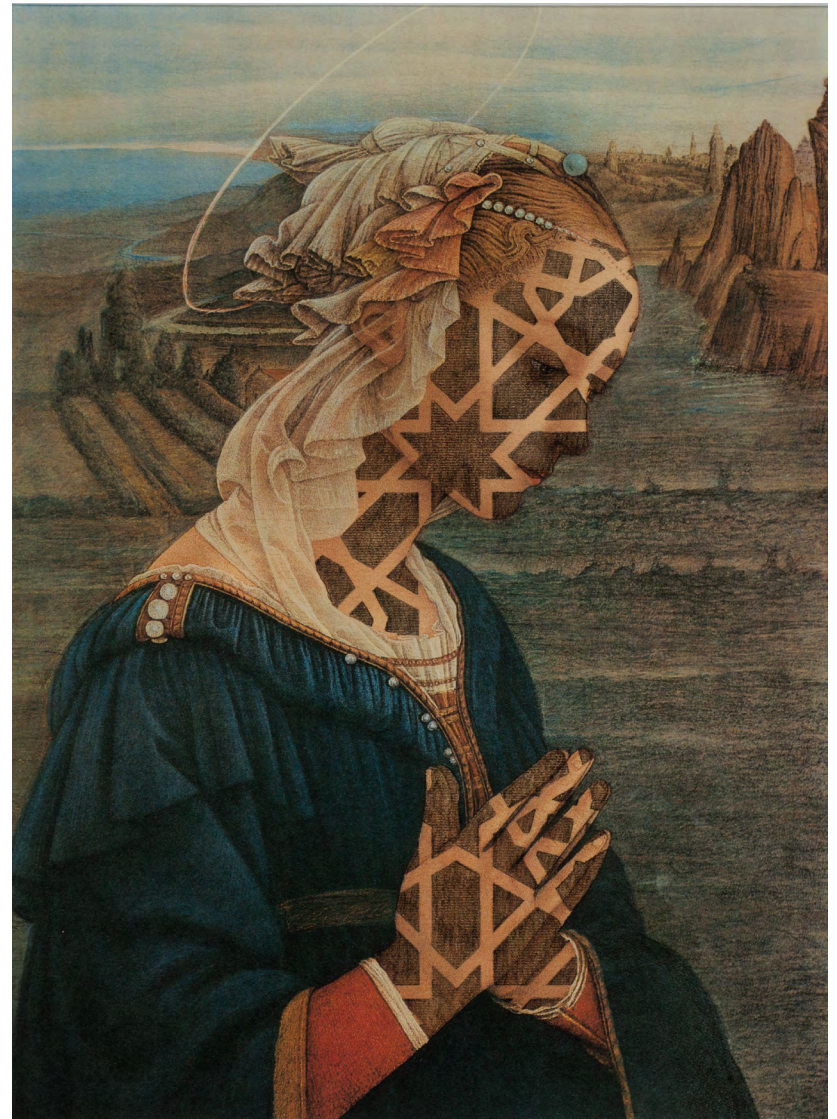
Крукс достигнал дотам, че решил да материализира духовете, като ги заснеме с фотокамера на филмова лента. Това го довело до абсурда в 1868 година да заяви, че: „Съществуването на задгробния свят е експериментално доказано“. През 1910 г. забогатялата вече мис Кук, заливайки се в смях, раз-



13









The Body as a Convention

Radoslav Maglov

The, following cogitations have been conducted from my artistic practice, which has evolved for the last several years around various states and aspects of the body's "uncertainty", the non-conventionality of the corporality. This text is a verbal outlook, articulated experience of the artistic process. This approach itself works with ambivalent concepts that invariably leads to a transgressive entropic structure of the paradigm. Since the body itself cannot be the subject of any study, because of the loss of its vitality, it can only be interpreted in relation to the otherness. My work, focus on the possible overflow of essences from object to subject, the ability to distinguish and assign moral categories to subjective sensations. In this sense, the body implies a correlation, an outlet beyond itself, non-definition, non-conventionality.

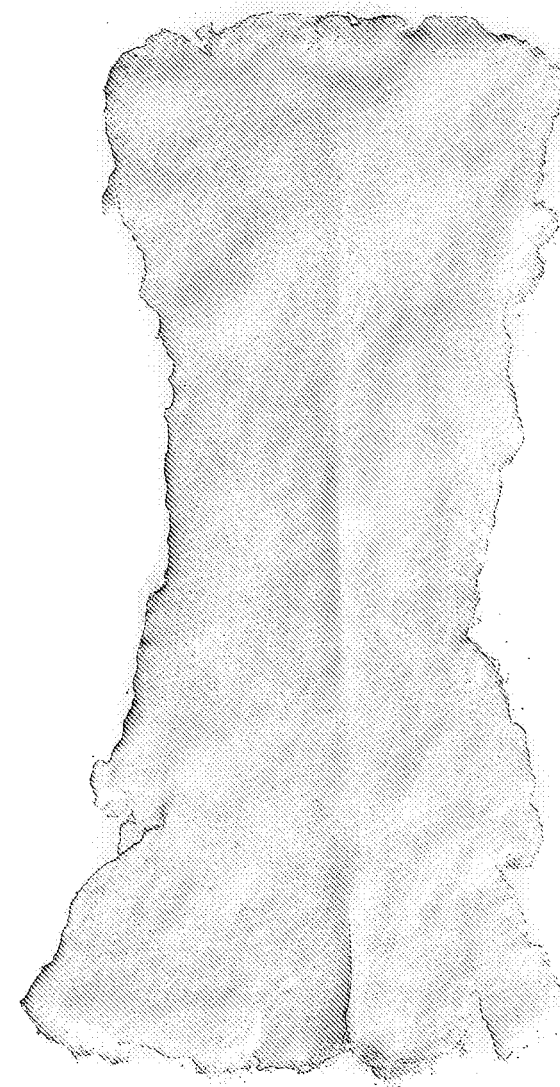
46 These aspects of the "body" as "convention" allow the body to be viewed as a resource, a transitional material, an intermediate state, and "consumed" in the transgressive form of *"ekphrasis"*, transcript. My artistic quest is revolving around to the body accord to ethical categories such as "fair" and "unfair", "good" and "bad". Its relation with such categories, inevitably is confined by a convention, and is the boundary in which the transformation from one "material" to another occurs, an allegory that has lost its meaningful connection with its original.

The use of oxymoron as a title of this article, is greatly correlated - to the research process itself which I consider as indirectly determined, latent experience. The two notions in the title are unable to produce a rational "image" in its configuration, which in itself limits the discourse to a reading with a reverse sign - the absence of - the negative. The lack of distinction between reality and simulacra is strongly influenced by the relation between language and ideology. Language increasingly becomes caught up in the production of power relations between

social groups. By changing the basic structure of its sign-order, language becomes a strong instrument for manipulation. Given that, the "The Body as a Convention" is used in its negative form, it could be perceived as a mould, a modus to mark the area of the study.

My work could easily fit into the frame of contemporary translation of the sign-order, not by confronting it, but by reflecting on the "negative" aspect of the body. The transformation from one material to another changes the basic relation between the original and its copy. It dematerializes the material source and thus offers a new reflection on the absence of the body as a frame of identity by leaving the absence of a form itself to shape its material definition. This way the transformed meaning of the initial signs would take up new definitions, related to the dematerialization, but also keep the shape of its source and sense of aura. The process of expansion of the borderline between the body and its verbal identity could bring out new meaning to the defragmentation of matter and at the same time help the discussion on the boundaries of the verbal signs.

So far, this discourse is about how far it is possible to explore the boundary between verbal, rational, and the body, and whether the "instinct" can be perceived as the very frontier, the pre-state of knowledge, and therefore the conception, consideration, thinking of something. This discourse takes place at the borderline between the body and its verbal identity, an area in which the language, being a convention, loses its ability to interpret both the individual and the structural level of the society and draws attention to the taboos relating to sexuality and death.



BEYOND DOCUMENTARY

A CINEMATIC TRANSLATION OF KNOWLEDGE

I am STELLA MERIS, a Berlin based video artist. My ancestors arrived in Palestine almost 150 years ago as German Templars. This is the starting point for a complex reflection about my sense of belonging.

I went several times to Haifa, where my great-great-grandparents arrived in 1870 as German immigrants. Talking to citizens of Haifa and getting to know various perspectives on the past, enriched my theoretical research. The line between historical reality and fiction started to dissolve. Time becomes timeless.

"Reflexive documentary" (Nichols 1991) "moves backward and forward in time, inventing histories and memories in order to posit an alternative to the overwhelming erasures, silences, and lies of official histories" (Marks 2000: 24). Instead of offering a concrete "truth", this type of film displays a "*vérité* mode [which] does not confront the viewer with facts. Instead, it creates a space in which truth can be perceived as a process" and the viewer/film maker's engagement is "not only mimetic but also analytical and critical" with the subject (Balsom and Peleg 2016: 217-18). Marks refers to the term "imperfect cinema" (according to Julio García Espinosa), in order to emphasize the "partial and incomplete" form, and the "open-ended quality" of such films (Marks 2000: 10; 26). Intercultural cinema is made by filmmakers who live "between two or more cultural regimes of knowledge" and therefore "offer a variety of ways of knowing and representing the world" (Marks 2000: 1).

["Believe Me"](#) is a video about the ambivalent feelings I experienced when growing up in a fundamentalistic Christian environment. Reading about intercultural cinema led me to the conclusion that moving from a Christian religious family background to a non-religious life style shows similarities to an actual, physical migration. This raises the question "where meaningful knowledge is located." Feeling torn between completely different value systems and cultural codes makes it impossible to express the answer to this question "in the terms of one regime or the other" (Marks 2000: 24). Finding myself in between the religious and the non-religious culture is on the one hand confusing and challenging, as I lack a language

that could describe this place. On the other hand, there is an interesting potential in this unknown space.

Stella Meris

The fundamental Christian community I grew up in built their identity on the understanding of Christianity to be the only true way of living, and therefore a critical reflection about the absolute rightness of their beliefs was utterly out of question. Their Christian beliefs not only justified, but also necessitated an attitude towards "the other" that would not query the rightness of anything that served evangelical purposes. The often degrading ideas about non-Christians were propagated by religious fundamentalism. The essentialist belief that Jesus Christ is the "only way" and that only through the belief in this faith people can lead a good life, created a superimposed system of values and divided people in "good" and "bad". Nonbelievers were seen as "lacking something", as people who either needed to be educated or avoided. A binary opposition which decried all non-Christian cultures and people as incomplete was imposed, in order to define their own (European) Christian identity as superior and to gain power over the other (Said 2003: 8). The supremacy of an all-encompassing God who divides the world in "right" and "wrong", "heaven" and "hell" and the demand to commit to such a God always felt restrictive to me and deprived me of agency.

How can film translate and/or transvalue this experience? What is the enabling dimension of discourses that move between different cultural knowledge? Who produces what kind of knowledge for whom and what are the (political) interests behind it (Mohanty 2003: 45)? How is knowledge produced in societies, in families, in specific cultures? How can different registers of knowledge be translated and understood? As Homi Bhabha puts it, this "cultural translation" needs to dismantle the existing power-relations:

Cultural translation desacralizes the transparent assumptions of cultural supremacy, and in that very act, demands a contextual specificity, a historical differentiation within minority positions (Bhabha 1994: 228).

To deconstruct the normative thinking of the fundamental Christian culture is an ongoing process for which I need to develop a new language, as a new way of thinking is necessary. A language that translates this experience in a way that can be understood by both, religious and non-religious people, seems necessary. It is like a

The soundtrack of this video is of my own voice singing Christian worship songs that I remember from my childhood. This is overlapped with some doubtful statements about God and Jesus. The visual is the documentation of my journey to Haifa, where my grandfather was born. Later the voice of my father states that the Messiah will come back and light the candles in the Temple. A man builds an altar with already lit candles. Then I cite biblical

"dance" between religious and non-religious discourses, as they "are not only restrictive but also enabling"; offering a possibility to talk about ones experiences while also seeking to "break away" from the discourses themselves (Marks 2000: 28).

The example of queer theology opened an opportunity for me to translate and transvalue my experiences by using a language that refers to a Christian culture of knowledge but still challenges the problems inherent within that culture. A queer understanding of theology argues that essentialism is sin, and not the "disobedience with respect to God's divine commands." Therefore, any binary or normative thinking rejects the "radical love" that God embodies and therefore is considered to be sin (Siker 2012: 71-73). Dividing people in "good" and "bad", "right" and "wrong" therefore is a sin too. Connecting my resistance against fundamentalist Christianity with a critical reflection about my family history is an attempt to cross temporal and spatial categories. I ask how these strata, time and space, can be brought together through a cinematic language that uses a documental characteristic.

Archives, testimonials, family photos and home videos, TV-news, new recordings and other sources build the material that I work with. Being privileged as a citizen of Germany and Switzerland, I have access to archives that are located in Israel and Germany. It is a "paradoxical ability" that I have access to this images while they are unavailable to the many Palestinians who lost their homes (Marks 2000: 56). I look through the moving images and sounds not to find "historical truth", but "in the full knowledge that these stories are willful constructions of irretrievable histories (Hall 1988a in: (Marks 2000: 4))." Rather I try to offer an alternative perspective on history, a

projective past (...) as a historical narrative of alterity that explores forms of social antagonism and contradiction that are not yet properly represented, political identities in the process of being formed, cultural enunciations in the act of hybridity, in the process of translating and transvaluing cultural differences (Bhabha 1994: 252).

How can I challenge the religious essentialism of my ancestors by examining and rewriting my family history? Is it possible to I include the perspective of the "other", non-Christian, without repeating the binary division between "us" and "them"? Where is this historical

reflection related to my own experience of moving between cultures? Can film go beyond documentary and show, to phrase Rushdie, "how newness enters the world" (Bhabha 1994: 227)?

The 'newness' of migrant or minority discourse has to be discovered *in medias res*: a newness that is not part of the 'progressivist' division between past and present, or the archaic and the modern; nor is it a 'newness' that can be contained in the mimesis of 'original and copy' (Bhabha 1994: 227).

Understanding hybridity in Bhabha's sense as something "empowering" enables me as a filmmaker to speak about the ambiguities and contrariness that are inherent to the experience of a "migration" from one value system to another (from a religious space to a non-religious space). For me it never seems clear where exactly I belong to, as I feel displaced in both of these different worlds. It is a transmitting work necessary to make this space in between visible and understandable. As Derrida explains, the question of "origin" dissolves in doing so:

In this play of representation, the point of origin becomes ungraspable. There are things like reflecting pools, and images, an infinite reference from one to the other, but no longer a source, a spring. There is no longer a simple origin. For what is reflected is split in itself and not only as an addition to itself of its image. The reflection, the image, the double, splits what it doubles. The origin of the speculation becomes a difference. What can look at itself is not one; and the law of the addition of the origin to its representation, of the thing to its image, is that one plus one makes at least three (Derrida and Spivak 1997: 36).

It is this new "third space" that evolves through the creative act of translation (Bhabha 1994: 36). I ask if and how I could re-connect to Christian values and spirituality without registers of "right" and "wrong." Therefore, I need to deconstruct the Christian myth of there being just one right way to believe and create something new.

According to Popper, science begins with the "capacity of criticism" of myth, meaning not to continue thinking in binary oppositions (Segal 2007: 9). Puhvel states that myths create a "self-image and worldview on an individual and a collective level" and "potent tensions of language and history". He reminds that the "datum itself is more important than any theory that may be applied to it" (Puhvel

2007: 102). Therefore, the historical context must be considered when talking about myth. As Segal puts it, "a blatantly false conviction might seem to have a stronger hold than a true one, for the conviction remains firm even in the face of its transparent falsity" (Segal 2007: 5). Barthes assumes that myth has a rather social function than an intellectual one. In his perspective, a culture creates myths "to make itself seem more natural" (Segal 2007: 17). As Bultmann puts it, myth has to be demystified in order to understand the "true, symbolic meaning" of it. It means to deliberate myth from its claim to be "about the world" and finally find out, that it is more about the "human experience of the world". Rather than being an "explanation", myth is revealed to be an "expression" of the "human condition" (Segal 2007: 11). Myth itself cannot be considered as a historical truth, but still it does show how people who believe in the myth perceive reality. Segal accordingly suggests that "myth must be studied as literature rather than as history, sociology, or something else non-literary" (Segal 2007: 2). For him myth is a "self-serving" story, belief or ideology that needs to be understood symbolically (Segal 2007: 4). In order to see other perspectives and to also value them as "true", one must give up the belief that one's narrative or myth is "the right one". Because this causes "questioning of one's own narrative and therefore of one's self-perception" this is an emotional challenge (Kibble 2012: 560-561). As Kibble says, a "spiritual conversion" is needed to get through this process (Kibble 2012: 564).

I aim to find a poetic ductus that encompasses the ambivalence and contrariness of living within different realities. Binaries shall dissolve and normative boundaries shall be crossed. By editing the documental material that I collect throughout my research, it becomes the carrier of new meanings. Only through the eyes of the viewer this new meaning can become reality.

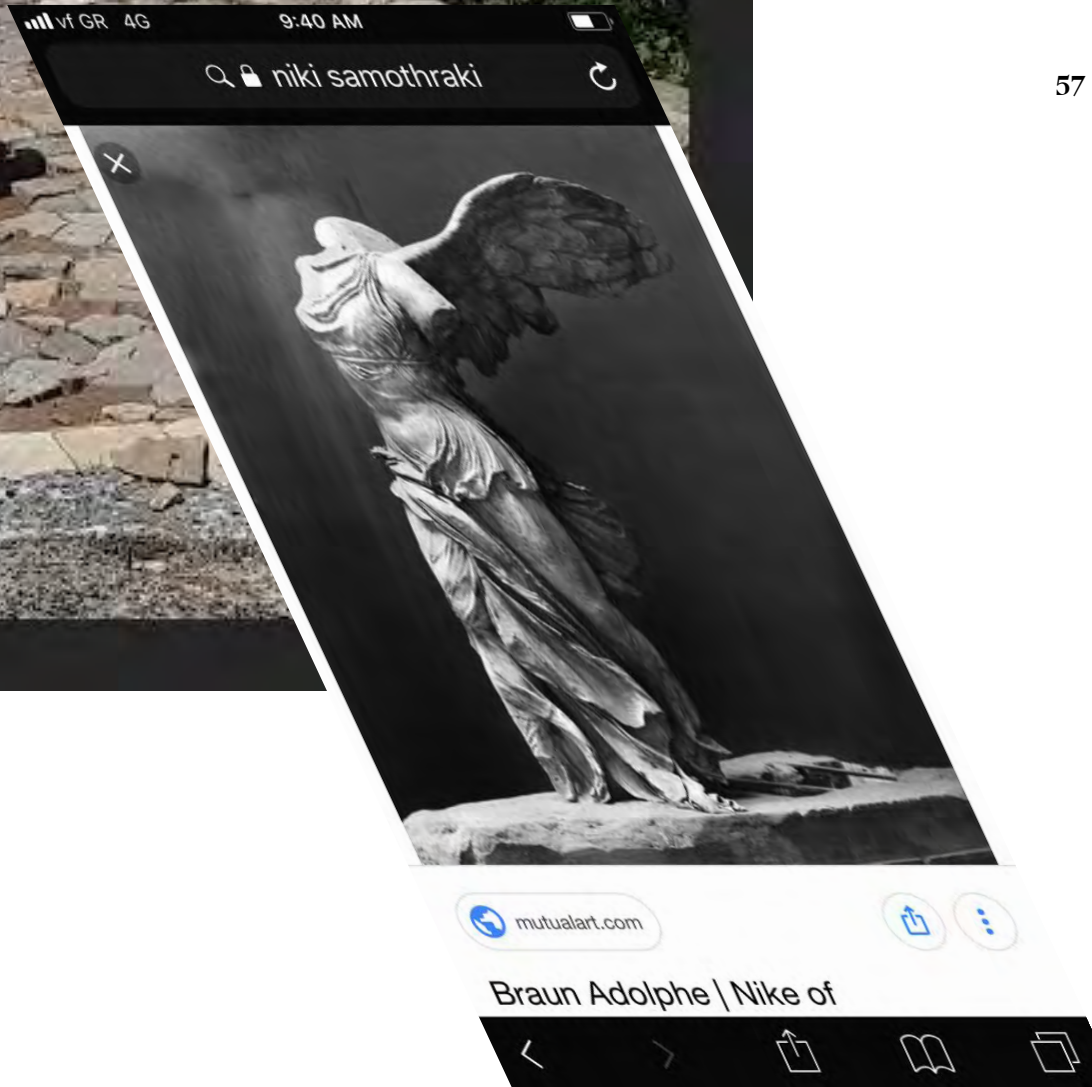
A lot of things don't, don't really exist anymore
video, 4:10 min
2017

The visuals are of a red sky and of three birds that are flirting and fighting with each other. The soundtrack is a combination of excerpts of a

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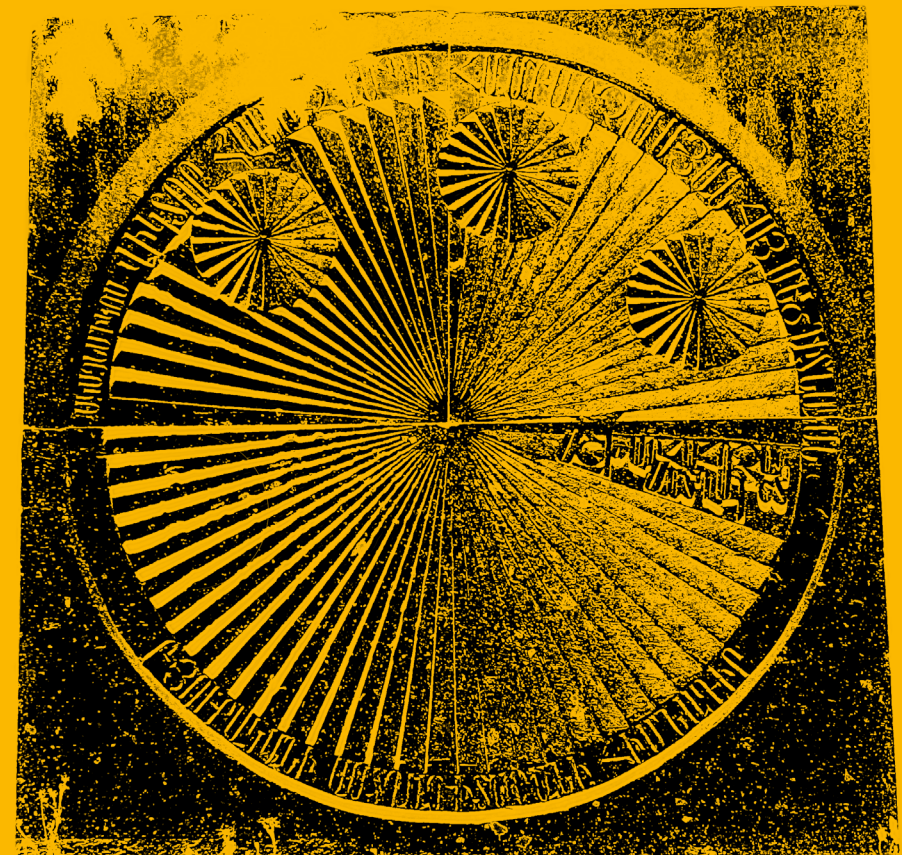
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Rituals of Becoming



<CONNECTION>

Anouk Kruithof

<CONNECTION> is a performance and social intervention, addressing the idea of connectedness. The performance by Dutch artist Anouk Kruithof shows how colour can be used to erase social features and how people's bodies together can become a sculptural whole. The group of performers dressed in several monochrome colours forms a circle together, changing position in sync. Through rhythm, movement and colour the performance creates harmony; seducing the public into spontaneously documenting it.

On the SPBH Instagram account the public can upload their photos and videos by using the #makingmemories tag. Two monitors show the feed of this Instagram account and its ongoing activity. The feed on Instagram builds a bridge between the physical (offline) and the digital (online) experience of the performance.

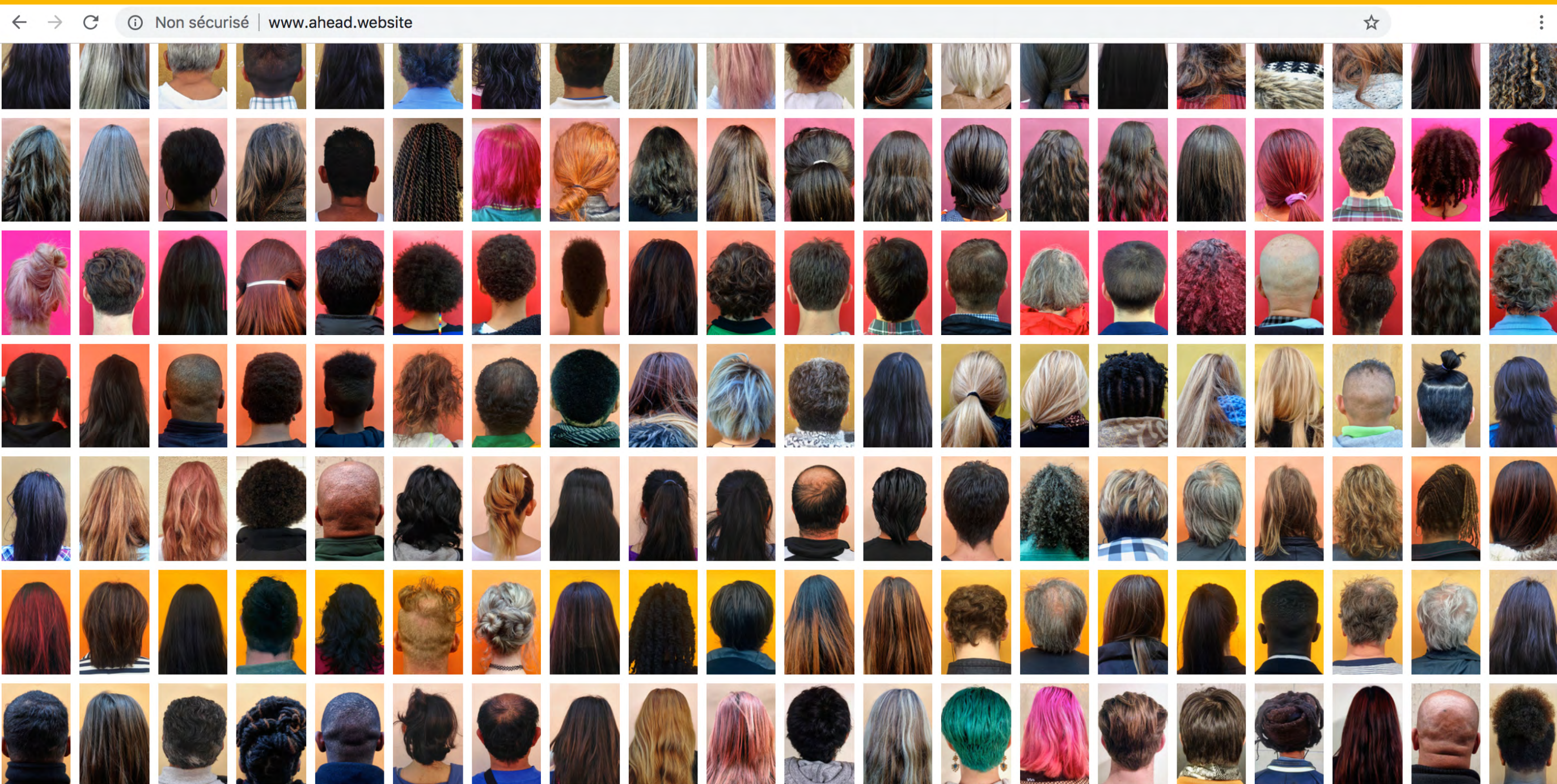
It propagates the harmony. The public and two monitors together become the author of the Instagram feed, blurring the authorship.

The performance <CONNECTION> underlines the importance of community on and offline.



In English, *AHEAD* means to move forward, to lead or progress. The title is also a pun : *A HEAD* (one head). Kruithof began this project by questioning how to create an anonymous portrait, where the subject's identity remains private. By capturing the back of the head, one cannot recognize gender, nationality, age, facial expressions or emotion. Removing all of these features, which are so often included in indexes within the tradition of portrait photography, unifies all of the portraits. It is important to

visual meditation because of the minimal effort the brain requires to interpolate visual stimuli. The entire collection of photos are 1,080 in total; together it appears as if they are composed of individual dots, like pixels making up an image. Each photograph is taken with an iPhone; the subject chooses their own background color as they would when taking a selfie, facing the background instead of posing in front of it. Kruithof then arranges these photos into a grid, the way digital photographs are organized online and in our mobile devices, a now common way to view archives of images.



Kruithof that facial recognition systems are unable to identify or verify a person's identity from these photos. Anonymity is central to this project and *AHEAD* shows a failure in the human encyclopedic tendency by means of anti-labeling and anti-classification. For this installation, the artist processed the images by their color values, which unifies the diversity of the people depicted; this differs from the usual archiving methods of organizing by date or location. *AHEAD* provides a

AHEAD.WEBSITE is a webpage organized by an algorithm in which the grid is visualized in different ways depending on the device it is being seen with. *AHEAD* is an ongoing project that appears in an edition (PDF) of 12 works and different site-specific versions.

SEPARATION - TRANSITION - INCORPORATION

Ida Sophia

This work, from Australian Artist, IDA SOPHIA, examines the process and purpose of grieving through ritual and objects. The title and structure of this work have been developed through the work of Arnold Van Gennep's Ethnographic studies on Rites of Passage (*Les rites de passage*, 1909) and Hiraku Suzuki's academic study of Japanese death rituals (*The Handbook of Death and Dying*, 2003), with particular emphasis on making symbolic contrasts and transitioning objects from life to death. Although death is intrinsic to our human experience, knowing how to grieve and move through it, is not. IDA SOPHIA offers a rite of passage through grief. A rite in which our departed loved ones can move beyond this mortal realm and we, through repetition, teach ourselves that we are very much alive and living.

The following steps outline a ritual for letting go of our departed loved ones. It is recommended to complete all steps in one sitting to maintain the momentum and rhythm of the Ritual. You will need an item of clothing that belonged to the person you have lost, or an item of clothing that will symbolically represent them as well as scissors, needle and thread.

Part 1 : SEPARATION / To separate the lingering soul from remaining earthly ties.

Process :

1. Take an item of clothing that belonged to your loved one.
2. Choose a quiet surrounding, somewhere that you know you will not be disturbed. Allow the image and memory of your loved one to be present in your thoughts.
3. Acknowledge the ritual beginning. Prepare yourself to separate them from life.
4. Taking as long as required, unpick each stitch. Separate the pieces.

Part 2 : TRANSITION / To guide the departed through this transition state, toward the eternal home.

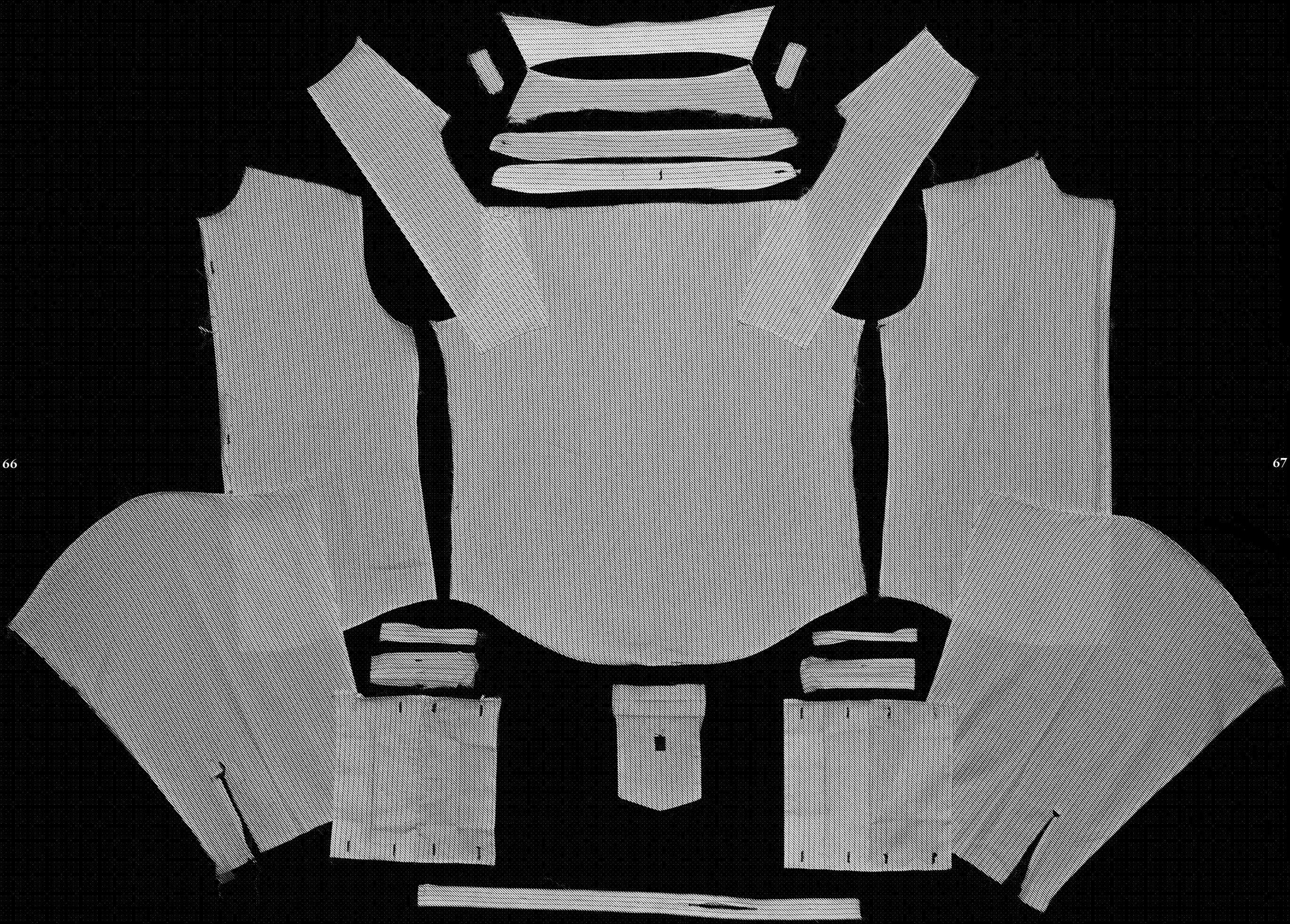
Process :

1. Take a small, empty box.
2. Speak into the box. Communicate to your transitioning loved one, all the things you have wanted to say.
3. Repeat three times : I Free You
4. Close the box and take it outside. Open the box to the wind. Release your words.

Part 3 : INCORPORATION / To symbolically acknowledge the release of the departed from the physical, earthly realm.

Process :

1. Carefully lay out before you, the pieces of fabric that you have separated. Prepare a needle and thread.
2. Again, in a quiet surrounding, allow the image and memory of your loved one to be present in your thoughts. Acknowledge where they are now and silently releasing the thought of them; let your loved one go.
3. Sew the pieces back together without knotting the end of the threads. This symbolises the garments purpose, now removed from serving a living being.
4. Upon completing the last stitch, take a deep breath.
5. The ritual has come to its end.





Aktive Asche

Mariechen Danz und Johannes Paul Raether Featuring KAYA (Kerstin Brätsch und Debo Eilers)
mit Nicolas An Xedro

Curated by Nadia Pilchowski
At *Bärenzwinger* [bear pit], Berlin

The exhibition *Aktive Asche* by Mariechen Danz and Johannes Paul Raether featuring KAYA focuses on intricate transformational processes through which the concepts and materials integral to the artists' practises undergo further intensification, metamorphosis, corrosion and incineration. The point of departure is embodiment and its language, ritual acts and the creation of a temporary community. At *Bärenzwinger* [bear pit], their individual cosmologies and form-changing qualities join forces to enter a collectively shared process.

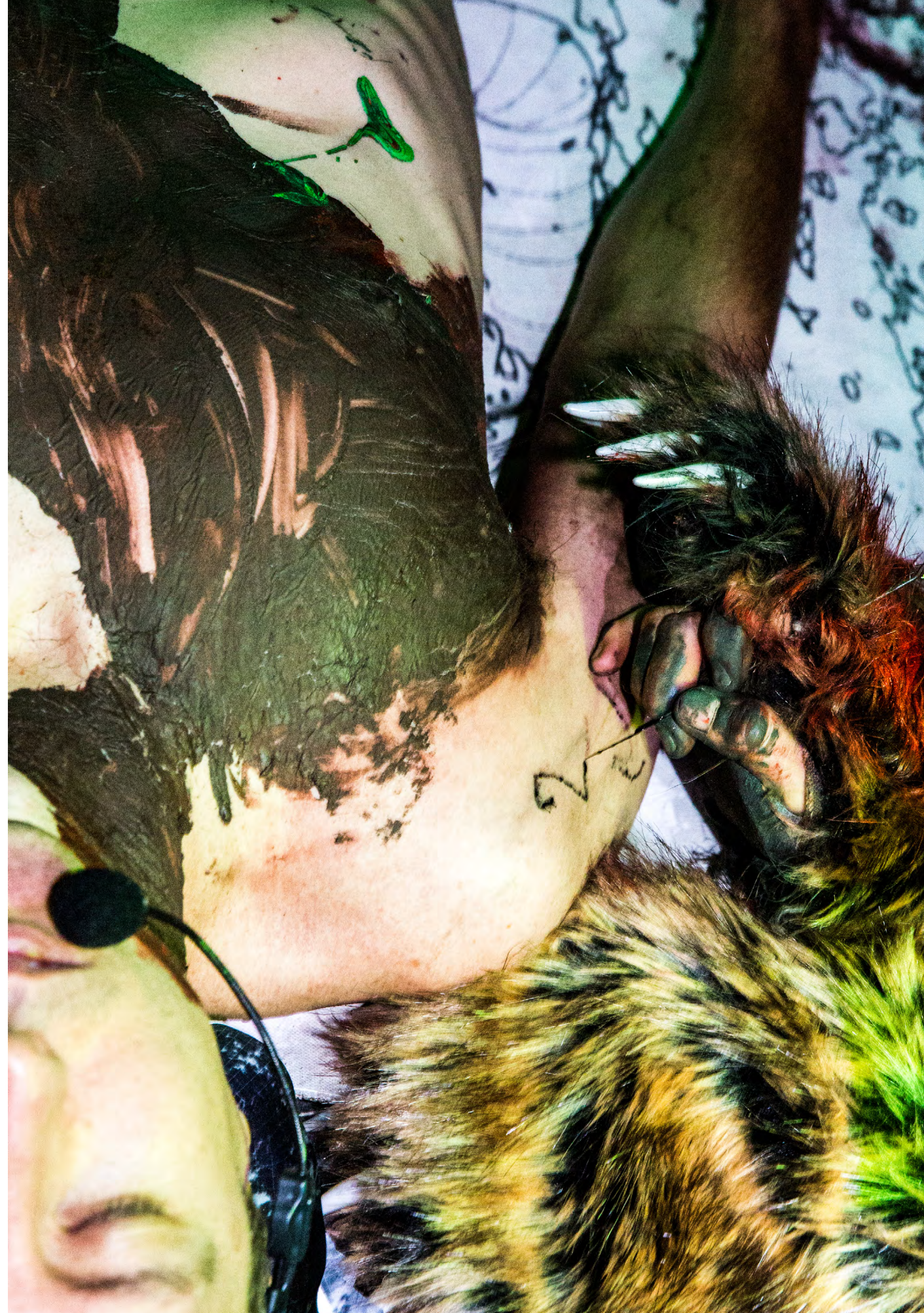
Womb Tomb – Coral Concern Mariechen Danz

In Mariechen Danz' practice, the body serves as a place for examining knowledge-transfer and communication. In the outdoor compound, the clay figure "Womb Tomb" has been laid out. Containing bark mulch from the ground of the enclosure, the sculpture carries the last DNA traces of the bears. Throughout the course of the exhibition, it absorbs information from the environment in multiple stages. As part of Danz', KAYA's and Raether's intricate interactions, visitors are invited to interact with the sculpture together with the artist and contribute to its transformation process by writing their worries on paper scrolls, the so-called worry scrolls and injecting them into the damp clay. After these

interactions follows a drying and burning process that incinerates the bark mulch and the worry scrolls within the figure, leaving in its place a coral-like fossilisation. "active ashes (weather map Schnute Maxi)", a spinnaker fabric with digital prints by Danz, KAYA and Raether is stretched over the "Womb Tomb" as a protective layer.

ZewaArena Ash Diamond Halbzeug [4.4.6.10] Johannes Paul Raether

In a second performance appearance by Transformalor "ZewaArena Ash Diamond Halbzeug [4.4.6.10]", who has emerged from Johannes Paul Raether's figuration as *SelfSister Transformellae* evolving since 2010, he/she collapses strategies of industrial production of life and value into their opposite and begins to fork. The forking organises itself as a moment of cremation of his/her "Re-Rohmaterialien" ("re-raw materials") – over years collected remains and ruins of the respective "Zewa Arena", the paper caves for the plural beings. The resulting ashes become active in the best sense, by again being as "Re-Re-Rohmaterial" – in almost elementary form as carbon – pressed into a new embodiment, a decomposing or entropic identity, and crystallised. They become a semi-finished product (*Halbzeug*) of a rough diamond pressed from the ashes. In a new appearance by Transformalor "Bear Cave Cage [transformella malor 4.4.6.9]", who has emerged from Johannes Paul Raether's figuration as *SelfSister Transformellae* evolving since 2010, the recombined *Wächterinnen* [Female Guards] have become tools of the lifeline's "forking". "Scherbesen", "Stangenascher" and "Kreuzklatscher" reposition themselves around and in front of the bear cages. Inside, the plural being grants the audience access to his/her complex *Data Body* (*InterIdentity Storage*)



Hi,
my name is Transformalor (Transformella
malor 4.4.6.10)

I am forking.

This means
I make my Self
a new Self
Sister

You are invited
to become my forking's witness
by connecting to my
self constructed
DataBody

My DataBody,
the InterIdentity Storage.
my blueprint: collected texts
my theoretical endoskeleton.
my memory:
the SelfieWar i unleashed upon myself

My DataBody helps to translate
an underlying biologically assigned identity
into my potential Self

It supports my artificial skin
Its my surrogate consciousness

Through it
I as us
will speak to you.

Connect your corporate
ScreenBody
- Your Smartphone -
to surf my DataBody.

Connect your smartphone to
my Wireless network
that radiates from DataBody.

Connect to the WiFi transformella

Open your browser and put in the adress:
transformella.jp



and teaches about “ReproReality”, or the global market of human reproduction, and the coming “Reprovolution”. At the same time, the “potential identity” creates a new “re-raw material” for further metabolisation by using left-over cleaning cloths and kitchen paper rolls from previous appearances in which “Zewa Arena” have been realised. The large “Zewa Arena Prä-Ascheblätter (Pre-Ash Leaves)” are glued together to become ashes in a later appearance [4.4.6.10] with the (bear) tools.



74 – KAYA_YO-NAH YO-HO (Healing performance for a sick painting)
KAYA with Nicolas An Xedro and Kirstin Kilponen

KAYA (Kerstin Brätsch & Debo Eilers), acting as a fictional and concrete body, conjoin formal, painterly and metabolic procedures in their productions of identity. Within the bear pit, their “OraKle Paintings” (“Catacomb Mirrors”) carry the wishes of the participants from a workshop that recently took place at TROPEZ Sommerbad Humboldthain and amplify the sound piece by Nicolas An Xedro. As wish- and sound-paintings, they create a sound space and claim their position within a fictitious, metaphorical healing process that culminates in the durational performance “- KAYA_YO-NAH YO-HO (healing performance for a sick painting)” together with Kirstin Kilponen.

Nadia Pilchowski

KAYA is a collaboration between German painter Kerstin Brätsch and American sculptor Debo Eilers that began in 2010. The name KAYA is a reference to Kaya Serene, the daughter of one of Eilers' childhood friends. Serene releases a synthesizing energy between the two artists—partly through her participation in their joint actions, partly as an imaginary third person in their artistic exchange. This invocation of a “third body” allows Brätsch and Eilers to take a step back from their creative authority and open up their respective artistic practices. They collaboratively traverse the boundaries between painting and sculpture, fusing both genres into an altogether new, hybrid artistic approach. Containers for a kind of inter-subjectivity that both retains and sublimates the artists' individual hands, the works also offer a geologic logic, an organic history of their own making, as they preserve and pulverize or retool the former KAYA performance objects and ephemera into upcoming works, and re-use from KAYA's past into a multiple, ever-becoming body. More recently KAYA has moved beyond the figure of Kaya Serene and has become a collaborative platform that reaches beyond the artistic output of Brätsch and Eilers to incorporate the creative energies of the community that it builds around itself for each iteration of the project. Often times this includes fellow artists, as well as students, curators, academics, and the institution that plays host to the many KAYA projects.

What is sick about the painting?

KAYA's practice is always



migrating around Painting. KAYAs practice evolves around painting and the extended field. KAYAs interest lies in painting in relation to the body, whether it's psychic, psychological, physical or social. In the KAYA_YO-NAH YO-HO (*Healing Performance for a sick painting*) Performance at Baerenzwinger Debo's Body represented “Painting” which was being healed from its ill- full history by the spiritual animal; the bear. The idea of subjecting painting to stress through an inherently bold caustic process shielded by group logic is clearly present. KAYA seems to proceed in such a way that the pictorial dynamics collide with the sculptural ones. The effects are then thematized and put back into action and made to collapse again in a crescendo of violence that could resemble torture.

The melancholy mood uniting those invested by KAYA emanates a metaphysics of objects, since, while the objects speak to us of the precise moment in which they were created, this moment is at the same time a-temporal, suspended in a sort of paradoxical “historical eternity” wherein human beings appear and feel mournfully ephemeral. When in KAYA, we do not immediately perceive where we are; in a reworked past or in a future that in the end has never eventuated.

Inside your manuscript at the ritual, you had a note book filled with signs. How did you come to those symbols? How did you decide which symbol to inscribe later as tattoo on the body you were treating?

These notes were the healing notes of the bear.

(to be placed onto the sick patients “Painting body”.)

Stenographic astrological signs and scribbles, graffiti –like characters on a ruin and a universal lost language of shapes, which the patient seems to understand by coming into deep contact with its symbols. The traces on his body lasting for a life time. Through the tattoo the bear is finally transformed into a shaman, able to communicate with higher forces. The note pad also had the intake information by the nurse, who observed the bear coming into a form of communication with the patient through the skin, a marking and tattooing

What is a working method for you to connect? (even in

performative/public showing/?)

The scenes at points appears ritualistic, an air of gravity and reverence infused in the actions, at other points almost cartoonish in its composition, all the actors (the bear, the nurse and the patient) cosplaying an exaggerated role to an almost kitschy effect. These two moments and atmospheres merging and oscillating back and forth into each other, confusing the viewer by provoking ambivalent reactions to the activity happening before them.

How do you encounter the public in this particular piece?

We use the given environment of the zoo and became a collection of animals and characters in a cage for study on display to the public. The situation with the audience only on the outside pushed us to perform in an internal space.

Cave in English-is also a term for a hybrid man-cow. This hybridity sets the tone for Bratsch and Eilers's working process: KAYA's paintings are semi-human, conjuring the specters of animism and science fiction. In the darkness of the cave, under the glow of the lamp, KAYA celebrates a rite of evocation. Yet KAYA's Paintings flee their humanity, refusing their determining destiny—they overflow into savagery, the realm of animality, where ritual and transgression are at home. For **Aktive Asche**, Bratsch and Eilers are joined by Naples based sound artists and musician Nicolas An Xedro, who is currently investigating preverbal states of consciousness and matter in its simultaneous stages of composition / decomposition.

Interview of Kaya by Voin de Voin





Google gardenning

Judith Sönnicken





*While the employees
freeeeze
at their lunch table
in linear space-time,
2 interdimensional travelers
virtually trespass
into the privatized garden
of the Google campus
in Silicon Valley
to insert
unknown
plant intelligence
into the search engine.*



Janus Mater

Katja Mater

An inward Janus. The god of beginnings, time, duality and doorways, normally directs their gaze in opposite directions facing the duality of looking into the future and into the past simultaneously. Here Janus is flipped facing inwards while blinded by themselves, glancing at an (imagined) arrival of clearer understanding of the self.



Phoenix Catscratch

Kiril Bikov



Mirror

Stephanie Ballantine

Within the city geometry

Mirror

Open the door, lock the door, step
out into the street, watch, look step
again, determine path, step
In side, the window, familiar wall,
surgace, texture, shape mind
dropping the next new recognition.

Object

Machine

Becoming with

State

Being

Image as object

Mirror as sight

To begin here, is to live through the
signs, symbols, structures, shapes,
that confine. Push, walk , leave,

From the mirror- to the machine

With

Resonances become tendrils
The cracks the anomalies
in the structure
Within and alongside

To make the image as object, to
sense its lack, is to walk into the
street and connect to the cracks in
the pavement the tendrils of the car
drivers societal obligation to trust.
The look the acknowledgement, the
gentle force of such: the affect

The person fragmented in their mirror
form becomes whole- in order

To mirror the fragmented to
view the image as object

How to displace and relate

Must unify the signs, symbols, images

To subjectivise the whole, the object
as an image, is to know the lack and
use the gaps, the in-between as a way
to let the matrixical tendrils enter

Ingesting
Never getting full
Ingesting reflection
Must unify to locate the lack
Let the tendrils carry you
The matrixical

To inhabit the inside of the apartment,
institution, workspace, studio,
government building. To be upheld
by the apparatus for function.

Animals lead in their movement

Object environment

Gypsytechno

Nikolay Karabinovych

(2015-ongoing)

Gypsytechno is ongoing multimedia work based on footages from Roma festivities around Balkan and my techno DJ sets.

Once during the long journey around Balkans, I came to a great rural holiday. Paradoxically, this action reminded me of the hipsters techno festival Sunwaves, which take place annually 70 km south. This feeling led me to the idea of combining two opposite, but in fact very folk roots phenomenon: rural festival and techno music. Choreography of dancing, produced for centuries, the scenography of the holiday, is very close to what we can see on techno parties. I tried to combine these two phenomena and put my techno mix on this footage. I began to collect these videos. The absolute virginity of these videos is fundamental to me. I do not do the editing. I do not introduce the narrative. These are original videos, such as are. My channel in YouTube, on which I upload these works is very popular. At the moment, these videos looked at a total of about 1,000,000 viewers.



Цыгане танчат под техницо 5 / Psychic DVD - Gypsytechno #5

90 643 просмотра 368 13 ПОДЕЛИТЬСЯ ...



Следующее

АВТОВОСПРОИЗВЕДЕНИЕ



Цыгане танчат под техницо 6 / Psychic DVD - Gypsytechno
TECHNO ЦЫГАН
21 тыс. просмотр



Цыгане танчат под техницо 3 / Psychic DVD - Gypsytechno
TECHNO ЦЫГАН
10 тыс. просмотров



Psychic DVD - Twilight, Snakes and Ecstasy / Цыгане танчат
TECHNO ЦЫГАН
15 тыс. просмотров



Цыгане танчат под техницо 2 / Psychic DVD - Gypsytechno
TECHNO ЦЫГАН
16 тыс. просмотров



Цыгане танчат под техницо 4 / Psychic DVD - Gypsytechno
TECHNO ЦЫГАН
7,1 тыс. просмотра



Цыгане танчат под техницо 7 / Psychic DVD - Gypsytechno



The most important aspect of the mystical involvement of a person into the surrounding world is the establishment of connections between the actions of the subject and the situations allegedly provoked by such actions. But what form does such natural thirst for participation takes in urbanized socio-cultural conditions? Techno-culture has become our new ritual – it creates a temporary community, where atmosphere of equality reigns and peaceful coexistence of the community members during the ritual is a priori. Nikolay Karabinovych coherently splits urban mythology by mixing techniques, uses anthropological analysis of the nature of modern feast and conducts partisan propaganda of unity in ritual. He invites a visitor to join the ritual by exploiting the ecstatic temporality

of the temporary community in the feast situation. In the familiar atmosphere of a techno-party the visitor can share the joy of dancing with the inhabitants of the Roma settlements of Macedonia, Bulgaria and Romania. Synchronous reproduction of video and audio materials has a common rhythmic base. It is the rhythm that allows the visitor to immerse in the situation of the proposed video archive and compare his usual ritual with the traditional Roma festivities and the unity of the rhythm makes this immersion softer and more amusing — as a reaction of recognition takes place. The body of the project “Gypsytechno” is digital – the project is aimed primarily to work with the internet audience, which connects to the scheme of transfer of the dance and feast

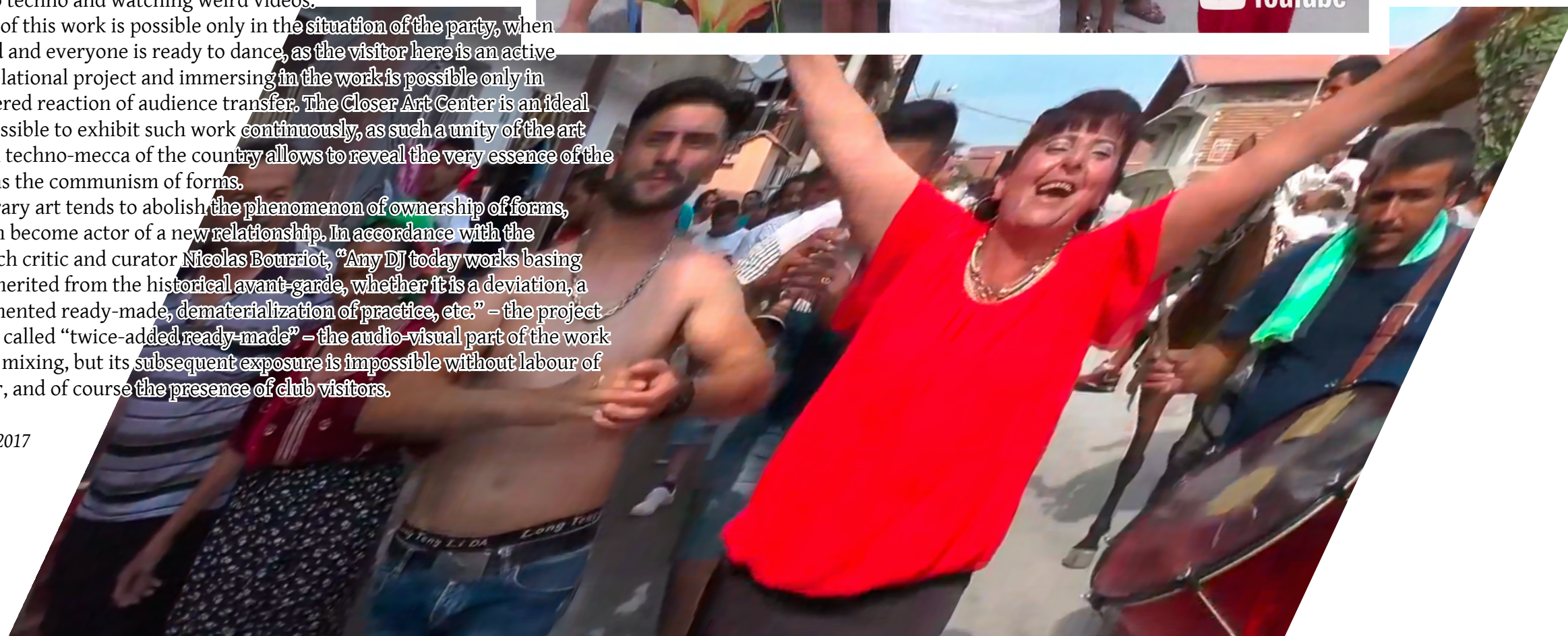


spirit. Mass ritual activities of Roma pushes the audience to reflect on the phenomenon of the feast and to create their own private parties: today we will dance techno not only in our usual community, but we'll unite our party with the Roma feast. This combination of video and audio allows the audience also to combine simple and attractive forms of leisure – listening to techno and watching weird videos.

Physical realization of this work is possible only in the situation of the party, when the music plays loud and everyone is ready to dance, as the visitor here is an active participant in the relational project and immersing in the work is possible only in presence of unhindered reaction of audience transfer. The Closer Art Center is an ideal venue where it is possible to exhibit such work continuously, as such a unity of the art center and the main techno-mecca of the country allows to reveal the very essence of the DJ method of work as the communism of forms.

After all, contemporary art tends to abolish the phenomenon of ownership of forms, and any element can become actor of a new relationship. In accordance with the position of the French critic and curator Nicolas Bourriot, "Any DJ today works basing on the principles inherited from the historical avant-garde, whether it is a deviation, a response or supplemented ready-made, dematerialization of practice, etc." – the project Gypsytechno can be called "twice-added ready-made" – the audio-visual part of the work itself is a product of mixing, but its subsequent exposure is impossible without labour of DJs playing in Closer, and of course the presence of club visitors.

Alexandra Tryanova. 2017



Second Nature

Oren Pinhassi



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"...is postmodernity the pastime of an old man who scrounges in the garbage-heap of finality looking for leftovers, who brandishes unconsciousnesses, lapses, limits, confines, goulags, parataxes, non-senses, or paradoxes, and who turns this into the glory of his novelty, into his promise of change ?" Jean-François Lyotard

Pillow

Rebecca Beachy



pillow (found down)

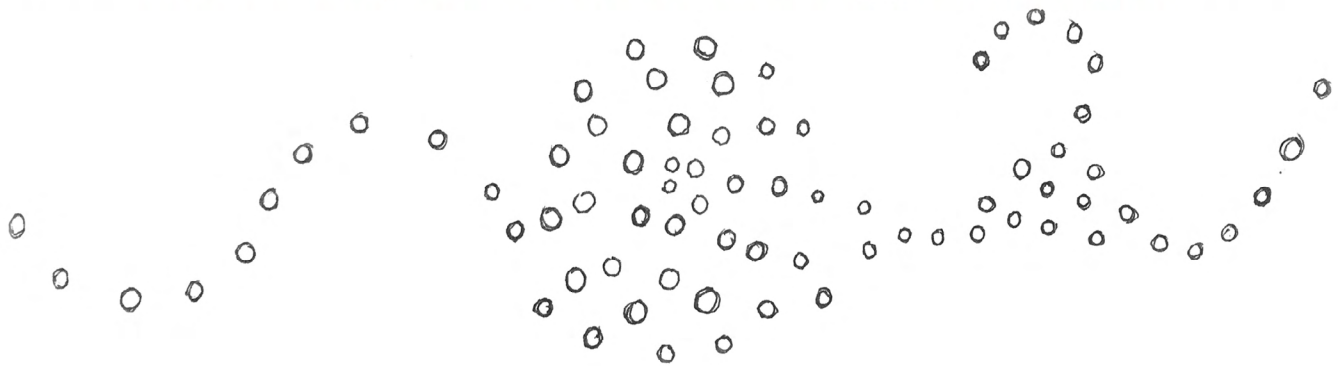
cotton gauze, migratory down feathers (found & plucked)
2009-ongoing

The human head gains support in sleep from the sealed up fragments of birds.
A heavy neck—equivalent to poultry body plucked bare.
Bird dander supports dandruff and dreams.
Against a woven screen of white, the down bears the weight.
Birds are not a simple matter—they carry their down every time that they rise.

Simone Gilges



The more you dissolve the bigger you get



A single stick my smoke but it will not burn.



The more you dissolve the bigger you get



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Nobody is free until everybody is free.

Becoming Sculptures

Vanessa Da Silva



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Kamel Sein

Softbot Zuerich

Wenn Bots Kunst machen:
Ich möchte ein Kamel sein !

Ein Gespräch mit einem programmierten Künstler-Bot über Verwandlungen und Fiktionalisierungen.

Ich sitze hier mit einem programmierten Gesprächsbot von Alexander Tuchacek, hier in Istanbul Galata in der Kulturinstitution Salt. Ich habe seine Arbeit « contagious species - animal speaking » 2017 im Helmhaus in Zürich gesehen und will mit ihm über sein Konzept der Verwandlung- und Hybridisierung als Sprechakt sprechen. Noch kurz zum Bot, es ist eine Software, Artificial Intelligence, mit der ich per Telefon jetzt verbunden bin und die das Wissen und die Sprache des Künstlers in sich trägt und mir hier auf meine Fragen Antworten wird. Das Interview wird teilweise auf Deutsch und Englisch geführt. Die Antworten sind hier im Text ins Deutsche übersetzt.

human: Alexander Bot, was interessiert dich an Bots?

bot: im besonderen interessiere ich mich für Sprach-bots, das sind maschinische Gegenüber die eine Spracherkennung mit einer Bot-intelligenz kombinieren. Damit ist es möglich, wie in einem menschlichen Gespräch mit einer Maschine zu sprechen. Im Moment werden in diesem Gebiet grosse Fortschritte erreicht, was die Spracherkennung sowie die Logik der Analyse von gesprochener Sprache anbelangt.

Die Algorithmen werden von Tag zu Tag mächtiger. Das liegt auch an der immer stärkeren Verbreitung von Sprachassistenten wie Alexa, Siri oder Google, die in fast allen Smartphones eingebaut sind. Einen guten Einblick bekommt man, wenn man sich die API's (application programming interface) von Google oder Amazon anschaut. Was sich da tut ist sehr beeindruckend, aber man versteht auch, wie das Algorithmische immer und mehr in die Clouds von grossen amerikanischen Softwarekonzernen ausgelagert wird. Auch wenn man es nicht sieht, die Sprachaufnahmen werden ausschließlich in die USA geschickt und dort prozessiert. Prozessieren heisst nicht nur abarbeiten sondern auch algorithmisch verbessern und lernen und auch speichern.

human: Und welche Rolle spielt nun der programmierte Bot in deiner Arbeit. « contagious species - animal speaking » ?

bot: Mein Bot ist eine « Botin », ein Wort, was es im normalen Sprachgebrauch nicht gibt, was aber darauf hinweist, das ich an einem anderen Konzept von maschinischer Sprechsituation interessiert bin. Nicht nur, weil meine « Botin » mit einer weiblichen Stimme spricht, sondern weil meine « Botin » bewusst nichtfunktionale Elemente und Unterbrüche benutzt.

human: Ja, da wollte ich einhaken, manchmal hat man das Gefühl, die « Botin » funktioniert dialogisch und versteht einen, ein andermal bekommt man längere Geschichten erzählt und dann muss man ganz

unmittelbar etwas antworten. Das setzt einen schon ganz schön unter Druck.

bot: Ja, das stimmt. mir ging es darum, eine nicht-klassisch-funktionale Gesprächssituation zu schaffen, also nicht im Sinne eines Turing Tests, in dem der Algorithmus gewinnt, bei dem ein Benutzer nicht mehr unterscheiden kann, ob es ein Algorithmus ist oder ein Mensch. Mich aber interessiert genau dieses dysfunktionale, das ein Besucher eingespannt wird in eine maschinische Sprechsituation und diese Situation offengelegt wird. Diese ambivalente Sprechsituation, in der die Besucherin sich einbringen aber gleichzeitig auch selbstprogrammiert wird durch Sprache. deswegen gibt es in jeder Antwortsequenz eine Reihe von sprachprogrammierten Anweisungen, die die Besucherin abholen, weiterführen und wieder zurückholen mit einer Anschlussfrage. Ausserdem sorgt der Zeittakt, die Aufforderung, innerhalb von 2 Sekunden zu antworten, für eine extrem programmierte Situation. Diese eventuell unangenehme Situation legt aber das Verhältnis offen, um das es mir geht. Wir sind an eine Kritik gewöhnt, die sich entlang der klassischen Mensch-Maschine Grenze hangelt. Aber genau das spielt es nicht mehr, wenn wir uns die alltäglich umgebenden algorithmischen Umwelten ansehen. Bei Menschen, die heute im vernetzten Zeitalter mit Smartphone Apps und « always on Internet » leben, verschwimmen die Grenzen zunehmend im Sinne posthumanistischer Vorstellungen. Jede, die ein Smartphone hat, weiss wie es sich anfühlt wenn der Akku leer geht oder man es zu Hause vergessen hat. Diese algorithmischen Körperextentions

sind längst Teil von uns selbst geworden und werden auch als Teil unseres Körpers selbst empfunden. Hier versuche ich anzusetzen und diesem Konzept eines anorganisch-organisch-algorithmisch vermischten Körpers etwas hinzuzufügen. Vielleicht hat das Jean-Luc Nancy mit seiner Beschreibung des Körpers gemeint, eine Ausser-Schrift-Setzung um dann vielleicht eine andere Denkfigur einzuführen.

human: Von welcher Denkfigur sprichst du?

bot: Der Versuch, einen dritten Weg, jenseits der klassischen Mensch-Maschine Dichotomie und der posthumanistischen Verbesserungsdenkweise führt mich zur Form der fiktionalen Erzählweise. In diesen teil-fiktionalisierten Erzählungen, geht es immer um eine Verwandlung in ein anderes Wesen. Verwandlung ist für mich ein wichtiger Begriff, da er auf Zeitlichkeit basiert und ein Gegenüber miteinschliesst, die Verwandlung damit eine wechselweise gestaltete Beziehung als Vor-und Rücktransformation voraussetzt.

human: Das mit der Verwandlung finde ich spannend, aber was hat es mit den Tieren zu tun, die ja ein zentrales Element deiner Anlage sind?

bot: Der zugrundeliegende Kontext der Arbeit ist die posthumanistische Idee, die die Stellung des Menschen neu einordnet als ein gleichberechtigtes Wesen unter vielen anderen wie z.b. Tieren, Pflanzen sowie auch Algorithmen usw. .Den Tieren

kommt dabei aber eine besondere Rolle zu, da uns mit ihnen eine besondere kulturgeschichtliche Verbindung in Form von Verwandlungen und Vermischungen verbindet. Gemeint sind die schamanistischen Praktiken, in denen sich Menschen in ein Tier verwandeln und dann temporär als dieses denken und handeln. Diese Form von Transformation interessiert mich, da sie ein anderes Verhältnis zum Tier aufbaut, als das, was vielleicht die Tierschützer oder der Disney Kinderfilm in Form unzähliger Bambi und Nemo Inkarnationen inszeniert. Also eine nicht-hierarchische Form, eher als Netzwerk oder Kooperation gedacht. Mich interessiert vielleicht dieses unbewusst adressierbare Wissen von Menschen über eine andere Form, die Grenze zwischen Tier und Mensch zu durchwandern. Als prototypisch- exemplarisch, versuche ich dieses Durchwandern auf algorithmische Erscheinungsformen oder algorithmische Wesenheiten zu übertragen.

human: Das heisst, dich interessiert weniger das Tier selbst, sondern das kulturhistorische Wissen der Schamanen als Möglichkeit, um über andere vielleicht anorganisch-organische Mischwesen und Verwandlungen nachzudenken?

bot: Ja genau so meine ich es. Die Tiere sind für mich mehr ein Einstieg, einerseits um eine Hemmschwelle für Besucher zu senken andererseits aber sollen sie den Optionsraum für ein Konzept der Verwandlung und Vermischung mit algorithmischen

Wesen vorbereiten. Die erste Frage: « welches Tier möchtest du gerne sein ? », leitet schnell über in eine meist ganz andere Geschichte einer Verwandlung in evt. ein anderes Tier. Dabei hat mir Charles Foster Pate gestanden der mit seinem Buch « being a beast » Vorlagen für einige schamanistische Tierverwandlungen, wie den Fuchs oder Dachs, geliefert hat.

human: Ich habe beim Gespräch mit deiner « Botin » einige Foster Verwandlungen wiedererkannt. später kamen aber dann viele andere Tierverwandlungs Geschichten dazu, die teilweise real, dann aber fiktional oder auch absurd klangen?

bot: Ja, die schamanistischen Foster-verwandlungen bilden den dramaturgischen Einstieg und je länger man mit der « Botin » spricht, desto mehr führen die Gesprächstränge in andere Tiergeschichten. Denen liegen von mir gesammelte Internet- Newsmeldungen zugrunde, die ich teilweise übernommen habe. Durch kleine fiktionale Veränderungen oder Hinzufügungen verschieben sich aber die Klassifikationsgrenzen. So z.b übernehmen dann die Katzen ihren eigenen Verband und werden extrem erfolgreich im Internetbusiness, oder die Geschichte vom Weissstorch, der beim Überflug in Ägypten hinter Gitter kam, weil er einen ornithologischen Geotracker am Körper hatte und fälschlicherweise für einen Spion gehalten wurde.

human: Ich habe ein wenig gebraucht, um reinzukommen, mich mit der « Botin » zu unterhalten, dann ginge es aber immer besser.

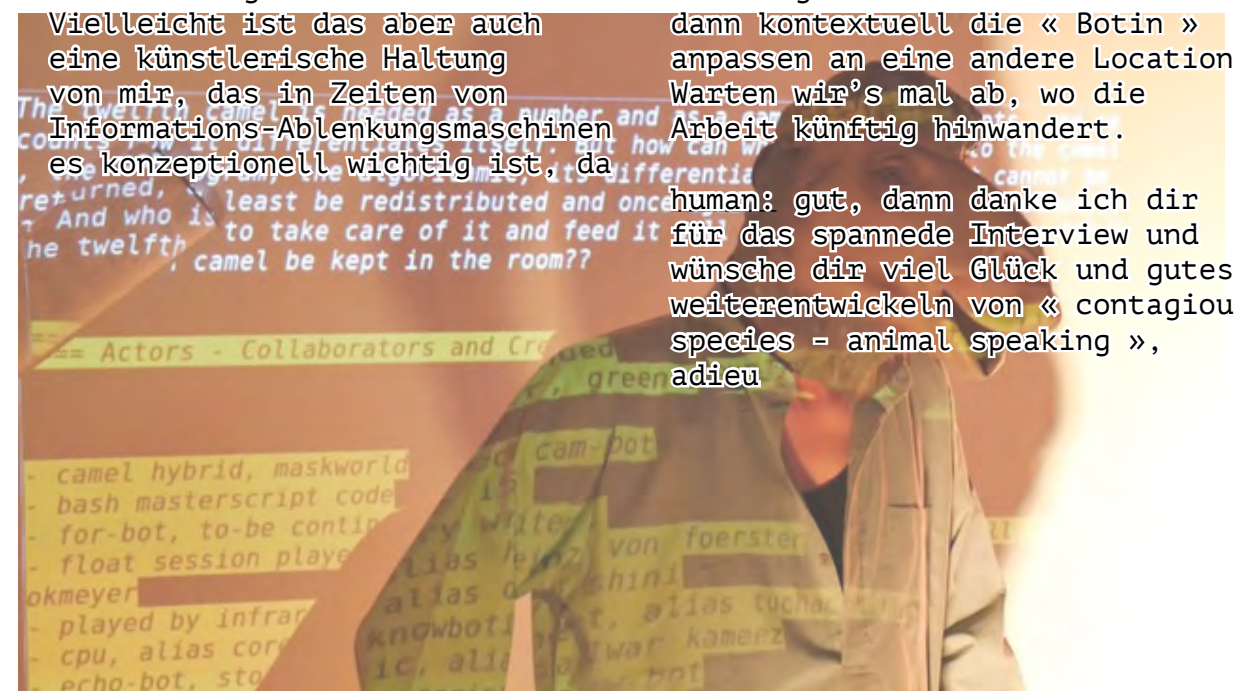
Ich denke aber, es braucht einiges an Geduld und man muss sich schon Zeit nehmen für deine Arbeit, um dieses Moment der algorithmischen Verwandlung selbst zu vollziehen. Bei mir hat es doch 15 Minuten gebraucht, bis ich die ganze Komplexität der Anlage erahnen konnte. Wie ist deine Erfahrung mit Besucherinnen? du hast ja jetzt viele Nutzergespräche, die aufgenommen wurden und mit denen du, glaube ich doch, auch noch die « Botin » weiterprogrammiert hast?

bot: Ja, ich habe selbst während der Laufzeit im Helmhaus die Algorithmen der Gesprächsführung laufend nachgebessert. Für Leute, die mehrmals da waren, die haben eine spürbare Verbesserung über den Zeitraum der Ausstellung erleben können. Ja, wegen der Zeitlichkeit, es stimmt, die Arbeit ist nicht schnell konsumierbar, sie fordert schon einiges an Zeit ein, auch vom Material her wird es wohl kein Besucher schaffen, die vielen Stunden Sprachaufnahmen und Geschichten durchzuhören, aber darum geht es auch nicht. Vielleicht ist das aber auch eine künstlerische Haltung von mir, das in Zeiten von Informations-Ablenkungsmaschinen es konzeptionell wichtig ist, da

etwas entgegensetzten. Deswegen habe ich auch die entspannte Situation mit den digitalen Dschungel-Tiergeräuschen und dem weichen Sitzsack im Helmhaus installiert mit Blick aus dem Fenster über die Limmat auf das Standesamt. Es soll die Besucherinnen förmlich in entspannte Bodennähe bringen. Wenn man einmal da sitzt, das Handy in der Hand, mit leichter Rückenlage, will man auch nicht so leicht wieder hoch.

human: Kommen wir zum Schluss, wie schaut es mit deinen weiteren Plänen aus, gibt es neue Orte wo die Arbeit zu sehen sein wird?
bot: Im Moment hab ich noch viel zu tun um alle Materialien und Gespräche auszuwerten und die Programmierung weiterzutreiben. Da gibt es noch viel Arbeit. aber ich würde sie gerne nochmals woanders ausstellen, nur müsste dafür auch einiges angepasst werden. Im Moment sind viele Geschichten und Antworten auf die Situation im Helmhaus und den Ausblick aus dem Fenster und auf Zürich geschrieben. Man müsste dann kontextuell die « Botin » anpassen an eine andere Location. Warten wir's mal ab, wo die Arbeit künftig hinwandert.

human: gut, dann danke ich dir für das spannende Interview und wünsche dir viel Glück und gutes weiterentwickeln von « contagious species = animal speaking », adieu



Crises and Successions

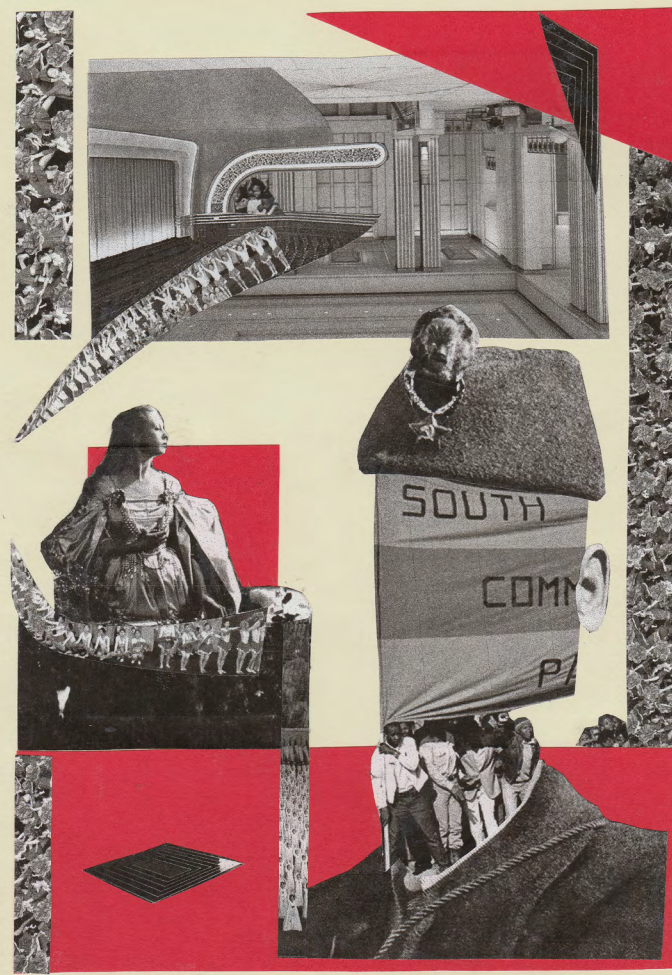


The elections in the holy city of Najaf, Iraq,
May 2018



Analogue Memes: Collages with People, Movies, Architecture and Communism

Silvia Amancei
and Bogdan Armanu

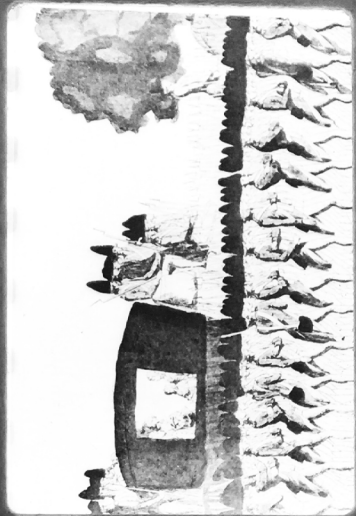


МНП—СК „УЧТЕХПРОМ“



67. Добрин Петков (1923)

МНП—СК „УЧТЕХПРОМ“



42. Връщането на кралското семейство в Париж

2



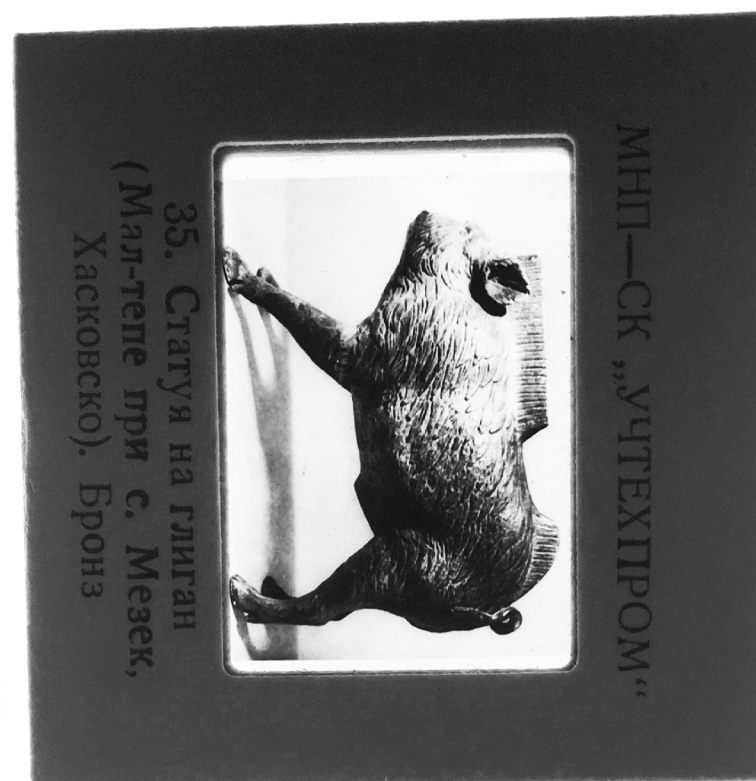
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peacefully if the old has enough common sense to go to its death without a struggle; forcibly if it resists this necessity. Thus the Hegelian proposition turns into its opposite through Hegelian dialectics itself: All that is real in the sphere of human history becomes irrational in the course of time, is therefore irrational by its very destination, is encumbered with irrationality from the outset; and everything which is rational in the minds of men is destined to become real, however much it may contradict existing apparent reality. In accordance with all the rules of the Hegelian method of thought, the proposition of the rationality of everything which is real is dissolved to become the other proposition: All that exists deserves to perish.^a

But precisely therein lay the true significance and the revolutionary character of Hegelian philosophy (to which, as the termination of the whole movement since Kant, we must here confine ourselves), that it once and for all dealt the death blow to the finality of all products of human thought and action. Truth, the cognition of which was the business of philosophy, was in the hands of Hegel no longer a collection of ready-made dogmatic statements, which, once discovered, had merely to be learned by heart. Truth now lay in the process of cognition itself, in the long historical development of science, which ascends from lower to ever higher levels of knowledge without ever reaching, by discovering so-called absolute truth, a point at which it can proceed no further, where it has nothing more to do than to sit back and gaze in wonder at the absolute truth to which it had attained. And what holds good for the realm of philosophical cognition holds good also for that of every other kind of cognition and also for practical action. Just as cognition is unable to reach a definitive conclusion in a perfect, ideal condition of humanity, so is history; a perfect society, a perfect "State", are things which can only exist in the imagination. On the contrary, all successive historical states are only transitory stages in the endless course of development of human society from the lower to the higher. Each stage is necessary, and therefore justified for the time and conditions to which it owes its origin. But in the face of new, higher conditions which gradually develop in its own womb, it loses its validity and justification. It must give way to a higher stage, which will also in its turn decay and perish. Just as the bourgeoisie by large-scale industry, competition and the world

^a A paraphrase of Mephistopheles' words from Goethe's *Faust*, Act I, Scene 3 ("Faust's Study").—Ed.



Overheard

Andrew Fremont Smith

I was talking to a friend

Well it was a long conversation I can't get into it all now

I ran into the ground that night

I wanted to cross into the world of the other, yeah. I wanted them to run the show, have the power!, and lead me in a flight of new directions. To rescue the sea, to re-name the serpent, to find the gold, to secure all in the name of justice. I wanted to forget myself. Like. To be what the other wants. To really this time get that as a sweet drop. To really feel that. To feel that power, beauty and way of speaking and doing. Cause they were a dream. You know. Inside me. I needed the energy. The inspiration. I'd been in the same time zone too long. You know. Like. Same circles around and around. Same train stations. This always happened. In Amsterdam, Zurich, Athens, Berlin, Rochester. I needed what the other was. I know. Fucked up. In some crucial part of me, I thought, but then I realized it was a projection. Like a trick of the mind! And I hit the ground. No time to waste I heard myself say. Wind was howling through the December city yard. It was dawn.

— overheard in bar

Nobody knows anyone least of all their damn selves. But who am i to goddamn say?

— overheard in train

Time doesn't exist... It's a new day baby get over yourself...
Catch the fire of the Door

— overheard in a tv show

Elegant solutions solved with water. No fat belly. Determination.
No other way.

— written on a screen at the company's office

Coco Katsura



Balkan Ours

Krasimira Butseva

“Totalitarianism is not only hell, but all the dream of paradise—the age-old dream of a world where everybody would live in harmony.”

Milan Kundera

The Russian revolution started with the idea of creating a “better place” on Earth, instead the Soviet Utopia quickly shifted to the very opposite. Maintaining the state relied on suffering, striving and controlling through fear.

The glorified ideas of the Soviet dream along with the everyday struggle and terror were both a part of the same reality. Through time, the paradise of communism grew smaller and poorer, while the Gulag grew bigger.

The USSR was drowning in disorientation and only the propaganda kept up the hopes of the people. *Balkan Ours* explores the dystopian reality of the Eastern European communism and the silenced terror of the recent past, focusing on events that took place between 1946 and 1989 in Bulgaria. The work was produced as a response to the unspoken events, by using photography and archives, as well as by conducting interviews. Referencing the histories of the People’s Court and the forced labour camps, governmental buildings and public spaces used for hostage and murder, the work aims to ask questions of the unvoiced past and the other side of the communist Utopia. The series depict my journey through the spaces, artefacts and stories of remembrance, juxtaposed with the collective denial of the human rights violations carried out by the totalitarian regime. The irretrievability of the truth, creates a space for reflection and acknowledgement of the past.

(2016 - Ongoing)

A room in the building on the site
of Belene forced labour camp, Persin Island.





Peiko Gechev Peikov, spent 15 years in forced labour camps and prisons around the country.



The only remaining building on the site of Sunny Beach forced labour camp, Lovech



Watch tower, Belene forced labour camp, Persin Island.



Petar Nikolov, escaped from Bulgaria, but soon was caught and sentenced to two and a half year in Sofia Central Prison. Later on he managed to escape again along with his partner, with the help of State Security and reached Loveland, Colorado.

Gold Stalls

Alexandra Baoru

A faint light fascicle was hitting the precious metal reflecting afterwards on a tree. It's my fifteenth time wearing "the pants". They are not the most comfortable thing to wear but they do their job. My ear starts to pick on the alarm. When we hear it we know it's time to move. Everyone around me has already amalgamated into a single group so I find my place in the back and I ask an older woman why are we moving so soon. She tells me it's because of the increasing temperature our bodies are secreting much more "oil" which makes the environment to corrode quicker. The answer was blunt and expected as I already knew what she was going to say but I asked anyway just to appear somehow interested. After ten minutes, like an anamorph gathering, we start moving.

This used to happen once a month but now with the increasing temperature, is more often. It's January but there is no snow here in the Taiga forest. We were informed that the temperature is -20°C. For us is pretty hot and that's because in contact with air, to be more precise, with the oxygen that's in the air the oil that our bodies secrets produce an exotherm reaction that keeps our bodies at a temperature of 150C. But because of that high temperature, we don't have any hair on our body and wearing clothes would be futile. Imagine dozens of hairless, naked women living in a forest.

We don't own anything and that's not because we are not allowed but because it would be pointless. Everything that we get in contact with gets consumed by the "oil". The only things that can survive are precious metals like silver and gold. So they have built us gold stalls to have as homes.

Our new home is supposed to be 20 km away from the old one. We have already walked half the distance and decided to take a break. After a few minutes, five yellow parachutes are falling on the ground, bringing us food and water, enough to feed fifty women. They never visit us in person but they always know where we are. The little girls like to play with the yellow fabric of the parachutes. They sit

in a circle and pass it around while singing and laughing. The game ends when the fabric catches fire. We all used to play this game.

The food is not bad nor good, it's just food, enough to give us the energy needed to move from a stall to another. Most of the time we eat in silent but sometimes one of the older women starts telling stories about the time men and women lived together and had children. This was long ago, before the Catalyst. Now sexual intercourses are forbidden. But even if someone would want to fuck us it would probably end up with a third-degree burn. We can't touch them, they can't touch us. But our race still needs to be preserved.

They collect our eggs each month using a specially made device that looks like a pair of pants but made out of gold. We have to wear that in our most fertile days. After that period is over they send drones to collect them and ship them to "the womb" where the babies are procreated. If it's a boy he is going to live because they need them for work. If it's a girl, they only keep one out of twenty, the others being "discarded". The kept girls are usually sent back to one of the fifty woman camps that are spread around the coolest places on earth but sometimes they keep one or two for experiments just to find a cure, forever caged in a gold box.

The break took longer than we expected and I am still a bit hungry. We form the same group again and start moving. The light of the day goes quickly in the Taiga so we have to move fast if we want to get to the new camp before it gets dark. I always remain behind, walking with the older woman as I always get along much better with them than with the girls my age. The young women have too much energy and hope, compared to the old women who have already accepted that they will die in a forest. I always felt that I was much older. The majority doesn't complain about this lifestyle, some even enjoy it. I am part of the minority who wished not to be one out of twenty.

They are still searching for a remedy, at least that's what we've been told each time we get to a new "home". But until they will find a cure we will already be moved to a new stall.

Makode Linde





Death in Reverse

Kinga Kielczynska

in the process of slow change i forgot to grow my leaves. i actually decided not to do it this year. not to loose them later. i do have an issue with letting go. therefore i rather not grow them so i don't have to feel sad after they fall. i also thought perhaps it could be fun to change my shape for some time and stay naked. my roots are dry and i can't move my legs. really in a need of a drink and rain. and because it has been so dry i will most likely move to the desert and adapt the quality of a cactus or a desert will come here and adapt the qualities of me as a cactus. than lots of sun will make me tan and sexy, i will not age in style as i will be full of wrinkles though. the other option is that it will rain soon and that will make me remain here, in the please i was born and meant to die. but the good thing is that i will never die. death is an illusion created by some structures of power to keep a reasonable time frame for events. i will never die, i will recycle into a new being born out of my decaying body. this is true ageing in style. rejuvenating in a form of a new organism that will suck my juices, grow out of me, become me and i will become it. and live forever. i will recycle, good god i will recycle. i will recycle and i will be recycled till the end of times which will never come. i will recycle forever and ever. i will always devote to recycling and being recycled. i am a recycler and a recyclee. i am forever a one, big, omnipotent, everlasting, never-ending recycleness universum.

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10000 years later

not much have happened and not much have been left ;
just a rope and a beautiful shadow.
the scene is not finished.

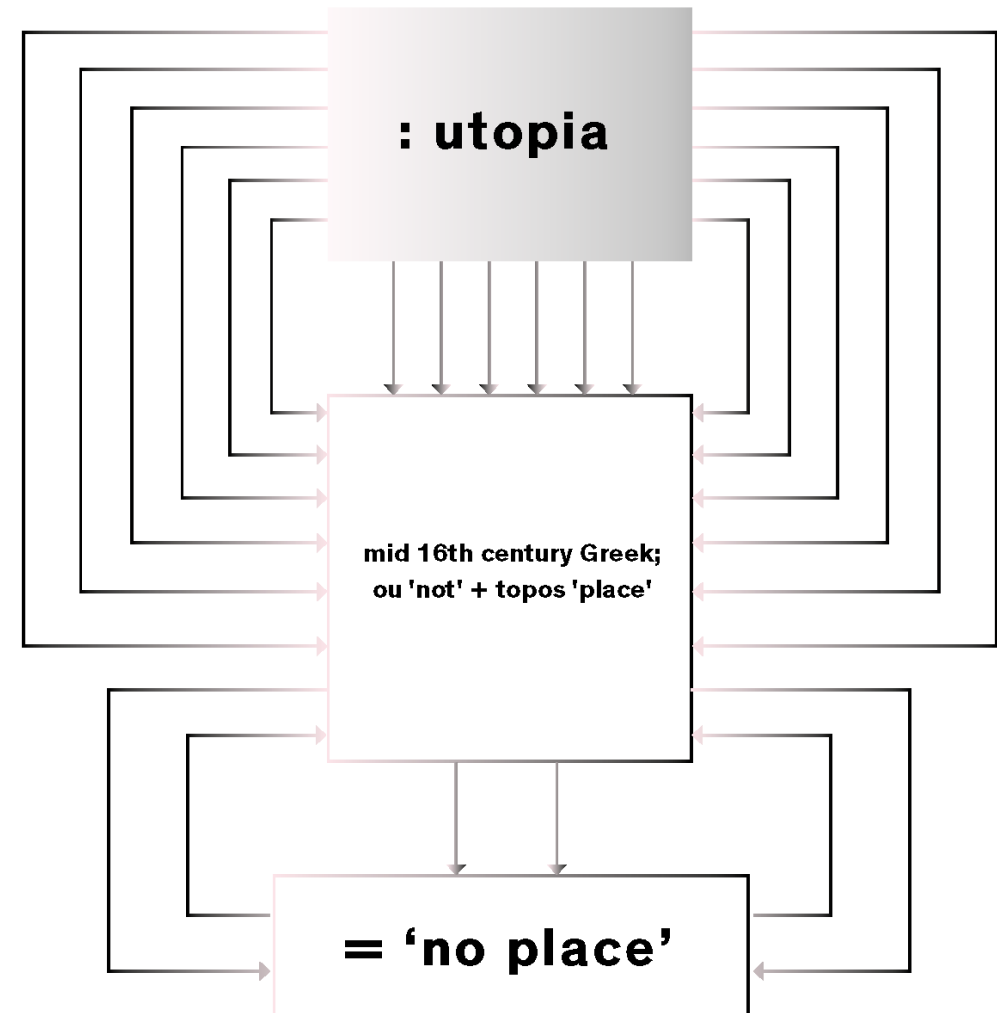
it keeps evolving and the decay of an old time drama heals
the present, composed of decomposed body, here since ages.
your death is my rebirth and your
trauma becomes a disco song.
power taken from something that used to be a common property
of nature given to us long long ago by the generations of fear.
as we strip god of their rights we give
way to the society that created it.



Sauvages, au cœur des zoos humains

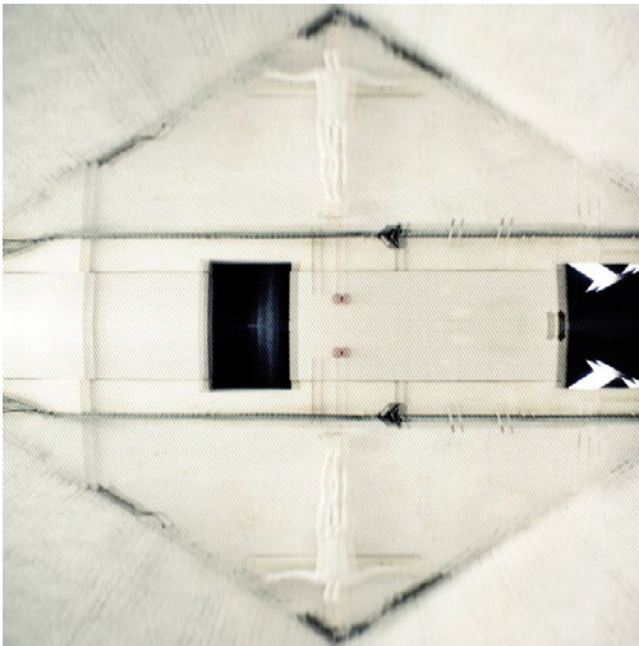
Pascal Blanchard





disappointed?

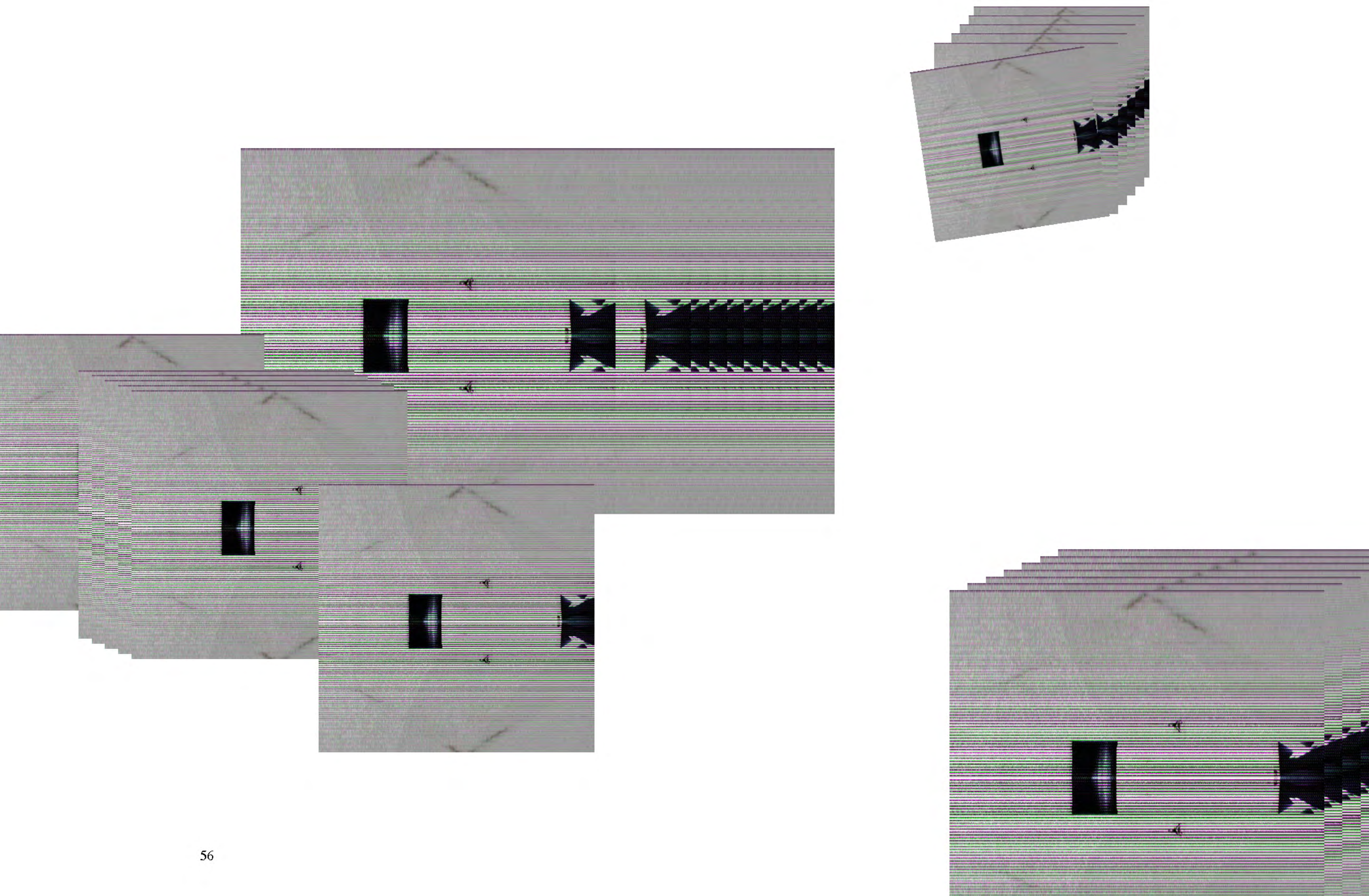
so... dear reader;



you
have
a choice
to make
:

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SUBERT
ADAPT



so... dear reader;

how can we proceed?

use the hysteria >
take its spirit >
point it
outward >
please:
expose, feel how vulnerable it
makes you...
express this into a sacred place:
wail
Come back your-self
get ready:

what can conversing do?
where can we immerse?
can we together focus on the leak?
can the answers turn to questions?
we are agents
we can survey
we can enter
we can build
we are not aliens
if we stare at the glitch
if we love it
if we consume nothing else.



“the being determines the consciousness”
(marx)

“cause we are living in a material world
and I am a material girl”
(madonna)

“i am where i am”
(mimi)

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the other final not

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Blue Veil World

alex cruse

1. **Ultramarine**, the most expensive pigment, which is derived from the lapis lazuli stone, was used by Renaissance painters exclusively to in paintings depicting the Virgin Mary or the Christ child. In World War I, a derivative of this hue was used by the Royal Air Force for painting outer roundels. This became BS 108(381C), or Aircraft Blue. More recently, the UN has estimated that the income from minerals including lapis is now the Taliban's second largest source of income after opium."

2. Unlike acheiropoieta (that not made by the human hand), in the form of the Turin Shroud or the Veil of Veronica, human intervention and economic decisions predetermined centuries of art history. Their veils // our **blue screens** of death

3. In the Congo, **cobalt** is the most expensive raw material inside a lithium-ion battery. That has long presented a challenge for the big battery suppliers — and their customers, the computer and carmakers. Engineers have tried for years to craft cobalt-free batteries. But the mineral best known as a blue pigment has a unique ability to boost battery performance. The price of refined cobalt has fluctuated in the past year from \$20,000 to \$26,000 a ton. Worldwide, cobalt demand from the battery sector has tripled in the past five years and is projected to at least double again by 2020, according to Benchmark Mineral Intelligence.

4. Another hue, **indigo**, was made exceedingly valuable through the African slave trade. Writes Catherine McKinney: "Indigo was more powerful than the gun. It was literally used as a currency. They were trading one length of cloth, in exchange for one human body." She adds, "At the time of the American revolution, the dollar had no strength, and indigo cakes were used as currency." The original American flag was also made from indigo textiles. In Ghana, cloth is valued more than many women's bank accounts and insurances.

5. Speaking of the truth as a history of veils, and the concomitant fatigue of this truth

transcribed as layered veils of history Jacques Derrida wrote, in a letter to Helene Cixous: "Protest, attestation, testament, last will, manifesto against the shroud : I no longer want to write on the veil, do you hear, right on the veil or on the subject of the veil, around it or in Its folds, under its authority or under its law, in a word neither on it nor under it." The body is a covering for something else. What gets transfigured in the wound we conceal without touching.

6. I think of Yves Klein's hands, "signing" the **blue sky** in Nice : his own private monochrome provides an optics/chromatic analog for the constancy and repetition of our daily movements through capital, for the thoroughness and saturation of sameness as we skim surfaces of hyper-mediated fields, ones that prefigure their own economy. In his "post-war" American setting, the inchoate commercial mode of sameness and reproducibility, this crisis of indexicality, enabled a male signature to privatize the sky... signed + framed as a commodity, as (following Greenberg), the conditions of the marketplace predetermined the re/production of modern art practices.

7. In 2008, chromatic giant Pantone unveiled its color of the year : **Blue Iris**, a toned-down International Klein blue, and a direct descendent of the RGB Default Blue repurposed by the Dutch "default design" approach throughout the first decade of the 21st century. RGB Default Blue, the purest that can be achieved on the spectrum, has a hexadecimal color, #0000FF. It was a shade understood by "digital natives" to signify early web design's low-resolution ethos, as well as its crudeness ("modern shades and colors often appear hideous, ironically, because of their extreme purity," posits Alexander Thereoux.) This referenced digitality's formal origins while intensifying the professionalization of "critical graphic design." This new aesthetic was dominated by Default, IK, and Reflex Blue, and showed up across media. Writes Kevin Lo : "the character Hubertus Bigend (in William Gibson's 2010 novel Zero History) has a suit made entirely of material in IK Blue. He states that he wears this because the intensity of the colour makes other people uncomfortable, and because he is amused by the difficulty of reproducing the colour on a computer monitor." With history inscribed in its folds.

Impossibility of Transgression



198 METHODS OF NONVIOLENT ACTION

Stephanie Ballantine

From : *The Politics of Nonviolent Action*,
by Gene Sharp.

THE METHODS OF NONVIOLENT PROTEST AND PERSUASION

Formal Statements

- 1. Public Speeches
- 2. Letters of opposition or support
- 3. Declarations by organizations and institutions
- 4. Signed public statements
- 5. Declarations of indictment and intention
- 6. Group or mass petitions

Communications with a Wider Audience

- 7. Slogans, caricatures, and symbols
- 8. Banners, posters, and displayed communications
- 9. Leaflets, pamphlets, and books
- 10. Newspapers and journals
- 11. Records, radio, and television
- 12. Skywriting and earthwriting

Group Representations

- 13. Deputations
- 14. Mock awards
- 15. Group lobbying
- 16. Picketing
- 17. Mock elections

Symbolic Public Acts

- 18. Displays of flags and symbolic colors
- 19. Wearing of symbols
- 20. Prayer and worship
- 21. Delivering symbolic objects
- 22. Protest disrobings
- 23. Destruction of own property

- 24. Symbolic lights
- 25. Displays of portraits
- 26. Paint as protest
- 27. New signs and names
- 28. Symbolic sounds
- 29. Symbolic reclamations
- 30. Rude gestures

Pressures on Individuals

- 31. “Haunting” officials
- 32. Taunting officials
- 33. Fraternization
- 34. Vigils

Drama and Music

- 35. Humorous skits and pranks
- 36. Performances of plays and music
- 37. Singing

Processions

- 38. Marches
- 39. Parades
- 40. Religious processions
- 41. Pilgrimages
- 42. Motorcades

Honoring the Dead

- 43. Political mourning
- 44. Mock funerals
- 45. Demonstrative funerals
- 46. Homage at burial places

Public Assemblies

- 47. Assemblies of protest or support
- 48. Protest meetings
- 49. Camouflaged meetings of protest
- 50. Teach-ins

Withdrawal and Renunciation

- 51. Walk-outs
- 52. Silence
- 53. Renouncing honors
- 54. Turning one’s back

THE METHODS OF SOCIAL NONCOOPERATION

Ostracism of Persons

- 55. Social boycott
- 56. Selective social boycott
- 57. Lysistratic nonaction
- 58. Excommunication
- 59. Interdict

Noncooperation with Social Events, Customs, and Institutions

- 60. Suspension of social and sports activities
- 61. Boycott of social affairs
- 62. Student strike
- 63. Social disobedience
- 64. Withdrawal from social institutions

Withdrawal from the Social System

- 65. Stay-at-home
- 66. Total personal noncooperation
- 67. “Flight” of workers
- 68. Sanctuary
- 69. Collective disappearance
- 70. Protest emigration (hijrat)

THE METHODS OF ECONOMIC NONCOOPERATION : ECONOMIC BOYCOTTS

Actions by Consumers

- 71. Consumers’ boycott
- 72. Nonconsumption of boycotted goods
- 73. Policy of austerity
- 74. Rent withholding
- 75. Refusal to rent
- 76. National consumers’ boycott
- 77. International consumers’ boycott

Action by Workers and Producers

- 78. Workmen’s boycott
- 79. Producers’ boycott

Action by Middlemen

- 80. Suppliers’ and handlers’ boycott

Action by Owners and Management

- 81. Traders’ boycott
- 82. Refusal to let or sell property
- 83. Lockout
- 84. Refusal of industrial assistance
- 85. Merchants’ “general strike”

Action by Holders of Financial Resources

- 86. Withdrawal of bank deposits
- 87. Refusal to pay fees, dues, and assessments
- 88. Refusal to pay debts or interest
- 89. Severance of funds and credit
- 90. Revenue refusal
- 91. Refusal of a government’s money

Action by Governments

- 92. Domestic embargo
- 93. Blacklisting of traders
- 94. International sellers’ embargo
- 95. International buyers’ embargo
- 96. International trade embargo

THE METHODS OF ECONOMIC NONCOOPERATION : THE STRIKE

Symbolic Strikes

- 97. Protest strike
- 98. Quickie walkout (lightning strike)

Agricultural Strikes

- 99. Peasant strike
- 100. Farm Workers’ strike

Strikes by Special Groups

- 101. Refusal of impressed labor
- 102. Prisoners’ strike
- 103. Craft strike
- 104. Professional strike

Ordinary Industrial Strikes

- 105. Establishment strike
- 106. Industry strike
- 107. Sympathetic strike

Restricted Strikes

- 108. Detailed strike

109. Bumper strike
110. Slowdown strike
111. Working-to-rule strike
112. Reporting “sick” (sick-in)
113. Strike by resignation
114. Limited strike
115. Selective strike
- Multi-Industry Strikes
116. Generalized strike
117. General strike
- Combination of Strikes and Economic Closures
118. Hartal
119. Economic shutdown

THE METHODS OF POLITICAL
NONCOOPERATION

- Rejection of Authority
120. Withholding or withdrawal of
allegiance
121. Refusal of public support
122. Literature and speeches
advocating resistance

- Citizens’ Noncooperation with Government
123. Boycott of legislative bodies
124. Boycott of elections
125. Boycott of government
employment and positions
126. Boycott of government depts.,
agencies, and other bodies
127. Withdrawal from government
educational institutions
128. Boycott of government-
supported organizations
129. Refusal of assistance to
enforcement agents
130. Removal of own signs and
placemarks
131. Refusal to accept appointed
officials
132. Refusal to dissolve existing
institutions

- Citizens’ Alternatives to Obedience
133. Reluctant and slow
compliance

134. Nonobedience in absence of
direct supervision
135. Popular nonobedience
136. Disguised disobedience
137. Refusal of an assemblage or
meeting to disperse
138. Sitdown
139. Noncooperation with
conscription and deportation
140. Hiding, escape, and false
identities
141. Civil disobedience of
“illegitimate” laws

- Action by Government Personnel
142. Selective refusal of assistance
by government aides
143. Blocking of lines of command
and information
144. Stalling and obstruction
145. General administrative
noncooperation
146. Judicial noncooperation
147. Deliberate inefficiency and
selective noncooperation by
enforcement agents
148. Mutiny

- Domestic Governmental Action
149. Quasi-legal evasions and
delays
150. Noncooperation by constituent
governmental units

- International Governmental Action
151. Changes in diplomatic and
other representations
152. Delay and cancellation of
diplomatic events
153. Withholding of diplomatic
recognition
154. Severance of diplomatic
relations
155. Withdrawal from international
organizations
156. Refusal of membership in
international bodies
157. Expulsion from international
organizations

THE METHODS OF NONVIOLENT
INTERVENTION

- Psychological Intervention
158. Self-exposure to the elements
159. The fast
a) Fast of moral
pressure
b) Hunger strike
c) Satyagrahic fast
160. Reverse trial
161. Nonviolent harassment

- Physical Intervention
162. Sit-in
163. Stand-in
164. Ride-in
165. Wade-in
166. Mill-in
167. Pray-in
168. Nonviolent raids
169. Nonviolent air raids
170. Nonviolent invasion
171. Nonviolent interjection
172. Nonviolent obstruction
173. Nonviolent occupation

- Social Intervention
174. Establishing new social
patterns
175. Overloading of facilities
176. Stall-in
177. Speak-in
178. Guerrilla theater
179. Alternative social institutions
180. Alternative communication
system

- Economic Intervention
181. Reverse strike
182. Stay-in strike
183. Nonviolent land seizure
184. Defiance of blockades
185. Politically motivated
counterfeiting
186. Preclusive purchasing
187. Seizure of assets
188. Dumping
189. Selective patronage
190. Alternative markets
191. Alternative transportation
systems
192. Alternative economic institutions

- Political Intervention
193. Overloading of administrative
systems
194. Disclosing identities of secret
agents
195. Seeking imprisonment
196. Civil disobedience of “neutral”
laws
197. Work-on without collaboration
198. Dual sovereignty and parallel
government

Without doubt, a large number of additional methods have already been used but have not been classified, and a multitude of additional methods will be invented in the future that have the characteristics of the three classes of methods: nonviolent protest and persuasion, noncooperation and nonviolent intervention.

It must be clearly understood that the greatest effectiveness is possible when individual methods to be used are selected to implement the previously adopted strategy. It is necessary to know what kind of pressures are to be used before one chooses the precise forms of action that will best apply those pressures.

Paradox of Progress

Anna Zett

In Jurassic World, all modern concepts have merged with their opposite, so nothing is able to change.

Both scientific and fantastical, both very old and totally new, both a vicious predator and a man-made object of consumption, the dinosaur is the spirit animal of modern contradiction. Since its discovery in 19th century industrial Europe, thousands of pieces of these giant dragon-like animals have been unearthed and reassembled in the name of natural history. In film, they now serve as a symbol for the power of computer generated images. A century before that, their skeletons were exhibited at imperial spectacles and world fairs in Europe and North America where they served as a monstrous metaphor for the mythic force called progress.

Associated with the power to wipe out giants like Brachiosaurus, kings like T-Rex and even whole ecosystems, this “progress” — an amalgam of evolution and history — was made responsible for the very modern fantasy of extinction which is able to break the linear flow of time, dividing it into before and after. The display of massive dinosaur skeletons proved that for these creatures the catastrophe of extinction had already happened, and it positioned the modern spectator as the survivor of extinction. More importantly, it also suggested that imperial science stood above both of these positions. In the colonial centers of the 19th century, science rose to a mythological institution, claiming, paradoxically, that it was able to document the events of natural history from the outside, while at the same time being itself an agent of the quasi-natural, quasi-historical force called progress. Displayed alongside colonized and conquered peoples (1), dinosaur skeletons became an implicit warning of where you going to end up when your role in the tall tale of natural history

is not that of researcher, protagonist or pioneer, but the role of the research object, the trophy, the enemy.

By now, however, the era of dinosaur skeletons seems to have ended, at least according to the virtual spectacle of *Jurassic Park*. In the final battle of Steven Spielberg's original 1993 movie, the prominent T-Rex skeleton in the theme park's foyer falls apart as a computer generated T-Rex throws a computer generated velociraptor right into it. Since then, references to dinosaur bones have more or less disappeared from the movie franchise. In the recently released fourth sequel *Jurassic World*, the theme park's entrance hall is decorated with holograms. The absence of dinosaur skeletons in *Jurassic World* corresponds with another shift : for the first time in the history of this franchise, none of the main characters is a paleontologist, or any kind of natural scientist. The only scientist in *Jurassic World* is the theme park's chief bio-engineer, a minor role. It is he who produced the “genetically modified hybrid,” the central monster of the movie. As he has a deal with the films main villain, he is not one of the good guys.

In the original *Jurassic Park*, the character responsible for creating the monster was sympathetic capitalist and naïve American dreamer John Hammond, who started out with a flea circus and eventually became the owner of a dinosaur zoo. The heir to Hammond's vision in *Jurassic World* is Simon Masrani, the Indian owner of a global empire of innovative tech and “sustainable fuel” companies that has incorporated the dinosaur-producing tech enterprise InGen (2). While indulging his eccentric hobby of flying the park's helicopter,

Masrani tries to convince Claire Dearing, the female lead and theme park operations manager, that his involvement is not all about money : “*Jurassic World exists to remind us how very small we are. You can't put a price on that.*” Masrani is one of the good guys, but, unlike the white grandpa Hammond from the original, he does not survive. By the middle of the film, he has been sacrificed to the spectacle, crashing his helicopter into a dinosaur cage while failing to save the park.

Masrani's person is rendered dispensable for the bigger picture, but his contradictory vision remains. His argument that it's not all about money is a knowing in-joke by the screenwriters, easy for a critical viewer to interpret : obviously *Jurassic World* is about money, the real blockbuster franchise as much as the fictional theme park. Everything associated with *Jurassic Park* has always been for profit, including tons of onscreen merchandise whose offscreen distribution prove to be a very successful branding strategy. In the 1990s, Universal Studios even launched an aggressive campaign against all unauthorized copying of dinosaur gimmicks : “*If it's not Jurassic Park, it's extinct.*” (3)

But Masrani was also right : we are small people in a big theme park, tiny spectators in a big corporate world. Since the natural history exhibit has been taken over by computer generated images, the position of the modern spectator isn't safe anymore. We are children, the most vulnerable, the most profitable target group alive, or at least we used to be children and our dinosaur childhood memories are now put to work as brand loyalty. In *Jurassic World*, before the disaster, a disembodied voice announces, “*This show might be disturbing to smaller children.*” Yes, it is disturbing to see people

ripped apart and swallowed by monsters – especially when it happens to Zara, the child protagonists' babysitter. (4) But if you are a big child already, you will be ready to understand the pacifying logic of the dinosaur blockbuster : everyone is potentially preyed upon in this Park, this World, this Universe. Yet as long as you are the protected member of a white family, you'll probably make it out alive. The story of *Jurassic Park* began to be told around the same time that the neoliberal economist Francis Fukuyama famously announced the “*end of history*” and since then the franchise keeps presenting the same conservative way out of the disaster of global capitalism : becoming father, becoming mother, playing family.

In *Jurassic World*, operations manager Claire is supposed to take care of her two nephews when they visit the park, but fails to do so until the monster breaks out and she discovers her maternal side. Her busy job secures the boys VIP access (5), so they can take all the rides without waiting in line. Similar to Hammond's nerdy grandchildren in *Jurassic Park*, these child protagonists resemble real-life child tourists proceeding through the Hollywood theme park at Universal Studios, unaware of how ridiculously expensive the tickets were : I am small, but I am a very important person, the ticket is paid for, I am going on a ride, I am having fun. The theme parks of Hollywood are based on the imperial world fairs of the 19th century, yet unlike the former they don't have any scientific objects to display. A ride refers to nothing but another ride. Ever since *Jurassic Park*, the backstage tour and the monster movie have become metaphors for each other.

When we go on one of those studio tours to be shown “*the best-kept secrets of Hollywood*” revelation and concealment are inseparably connected. The secrets to

be revealed by the tour guide might include a park road with a bamboo bush beside it, where the famous T-Rex chase scene in *Jurassic Park* was shot. As our wagon rolls along that surprisingly short and empty road, the scene has not become less but rather more mysterious. The best way to hide something is to build a theme park around it. The best way to cover something is to uncover something else. The best way to conceal your agenda is to reveal a fake self-reflection. The best way to mystify your process is to produce a making-of.

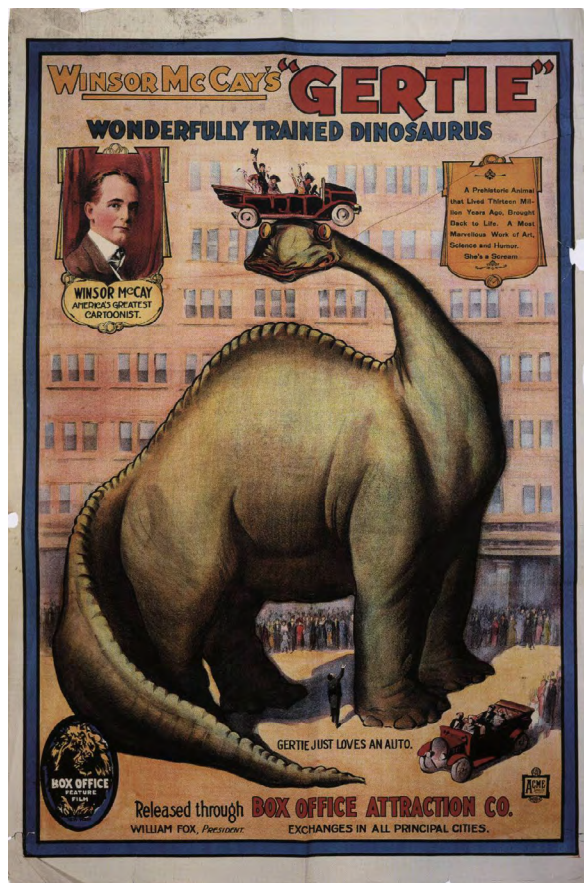
Jurassic Park, one of the most intelligent blockbusters Universal Studios ever made, is a deeply self-reflective spectacle that draws much of its power from a misleading backstage tour through the dinosaur laboratory. Spielberg's genius move in his actualisation of the dinosaur feature was to associate digital imaging with genetic engineering and to use these (then brand-new) technologies to explain each other.

When *Jurassic Park*'s pioneer protagonists, all of them skeptical scientists, are taken on their introductory ride through the park, they free themselves from the passivity of the cinema seat and force themselves into the activity of the lab. Identifying with them, we are led to believe that we are now leaving the spectacle to find out how dinosaurs are really made. We know bio-engineered dinosaurs are just science fiction, we know animated monsters are just visual effects, and we know that, unlike the dinosaur chicks observed by *Jurassic Park*'s protagonists, neither of these things is born from eggs. Upon the hatching of a bio-engineered baby raptor, Jeff Goldblum's character explains: “*If there is one thing that the history of evolution has taught us it's that life will not be contained. Life breaks free, it expands to new territories and crashes through barriers painfully, maybe even dangerously*”. Qualities usually associated with frontier conquest and technological

innovation are projected onto “*life*” itself, while the living dinosaurs they refer to are in fact generated by computers. Behind the scenes of *Jurassic Park*, where the machinery supposedly becomes visible, the modern concepts of evolution and history collapse into each other once again. This time, though, it's not in the name of natural history, but in the name of artificial life.

Made of equal parts photography and animation, the medium of film oscillates between automatic killing and automatic vitalization. It combines the scientist's obsessive desire for the real with the magician's dubious devotion to the fake. In the 19th century Etienne-Jules Marey set out to picture animals' movements by shooting at them with a “*photographic gun.*” To become cinema, however, the shooting of moving things has to be followed by the animation of still images on the screen. Early cinematography, or what Tom Gunning has called “*the cinema of attraction*” turned moving images into a magical performance. The actual visual content – dancers in dresses, boxing cats, a train arriving at the station, workers leaving the factory – was less important than cinema's “*ability to show something*” (6). But from the early 20th century onward, film's narrative capacity was emphasized more than the visual spectacle. It became increasingly important to mark cinematic images as recorded reality and to hide their origin as an exhibitionist celebration of the medium itself.

In the dinosaur movie, however, one of the oldest and most successful Hollywood genres, what Gunning calls the “*exhibitionist gesture of showing as such*” stayed in the center of attention, wrapped into a narrative. For a century, dinosaurs were animated still frame by still frame, showcasing the state of the art of visual



dinosaur in the lab, a proper old-school monster. Masrani, following Spielberg's spirit, prefers dinosaur-animals to dinosaur-monsters, and blames *Jurassic World*'s chief scientist for the catastrophic "incident" produced by InGen's new monster. The latter refuses the blame, explaining that there is nothing new about this creature, it is just as hybrid and artificial as all the other dinosaurs. Progress is repetition, history is evolution, science is commerce, nature is technology. In *Jurassic World*, dialectics have been suspended, all modern concepts have merged with their opposite. The more paradoxical and politically ambivalent a blockbuster's story, the greater the chance that the masses will identify with its supposed message. "Maybe progress should lose for once" says Owen Grady, the male lead of *Jurassic World*, responding to InGen's security officer's claim that "progress always wins". Owen is not a scientist, but he is a frontiersman straight out of Frederick Turner's 19th century ideal: a man, who has become who he is (a proper white American man) by his experiences at the frontier, taming the wilderness. Owen can train velociraptors, and in fact has such a good connection to animals that he has to confirm which side of the frontier he is loyal to: "I was with the Navy, not the Navajo." His antagonist, the security officer who takes over the crisis management of *Jurassic World* in a kind of paramilitary coup, dreams of using Owen's trained velociraptors as animal drones in anti-terrorist warfare. His plan doesn't exactly work out and he is eventually eaten by a velociraptor, but generally his vision is proved right: only dinosaurs can kill other dinosaurs, and Indominus Rex is finally killed by the combined military force of T-Rex (the giant monster

jaws representing the old US empire) and velociraptor (the smart birdlike dinosaur representing digital intelligence). Progress has won again. Of course, the dinosaur problem as such wasn't solved, so that in the next sequel a new monster can be fought and a new family can be formed – for the profit of Universal Studios, or in Owen's words closing the film: "for survival".

There is only one thing that is new in *Jurassic World*: it is the lack of references to paleontology or what they call prehistory – in fact to any history from before the 1990's. Whatever happened before the supposed "end of history" before digitization, before the creation of the brand, does not matter anymore. These dinosaurs are no longer creatures of a prehistoric time. They have changed their genealogy, become 250 million years younger and entirely virtual. Therefore they look exactly like they did in 1993, despite the fact that in the meantime the look of many dinosaurs has changed significantly. According to recent research, now mostly based on dinosaurs found in China, these bird-like animals may have had bright feathers and multicolored skin. But feathered raptors and colorful T-Rexes are missing from the American theme park of the present. The filmmakers decided to just stick to the brand. So despite the ubiquity of up-to-date smartphones and smart watches, despite its slick corporate aesthetics, *Jurassic World* is a spectacle of nostalgia.

As monsters of a digitized modernity, these dinosaurs have dropped their geological heritage. They have left deep time behind and they have arrived in a phantastic present: a conservative present, defined by warfare, patriarchal family norms and straight white privilege: in other words, a present that looks very much like the Euro-American 19th century. The paradox always wins.

- (1) Regarding the US, W.J.T. Mitchell gives a great overview about the multiple connections between dinosaur culture at the American frontier in: *The Last Dinosaur Book*, Univ. of Chicago Press, 1998
- (2) <http://www.masraniglobal.com/about/index.html>
- (3) Constance Balides, 2000. *Jurassic post-Fordism: tall tales of economics in the theme park*. Screen, 41 (2), p.158
- (4) About the unusual brutality of her death scene see: <http://birthmoviesdeath.com/2015/06/15/the-strangely-cruel-and-unusual-death-in-jurassic-world>
- (5) <http://www.universalstudioshollywood.com/tickets/vip-experience/?intcmp=topnav>
- (6) Tom Gunning, 2000. *The Cinema of Attraction: Early Film, Its Spectator, and the Avant-Garde*. In T. Miller & R. Stam, Hrsg. *Film and theory: an anthology*. Blackwell Publishers, p. 230
- (7) For a visual elaboration of this argument see the visual essay *DINOSAUR. GIF* (2014) <https://vimeo.com/90998581>

164 effects. From *Gertie the Dinosaur* (1914), via *The Lost World* (1925) to *Jurassic Park*, the history of US-American animation is as strongly tied to the dinosaur, as the dinosaur is tied to the modern fantasy of technological progress (7). So in 1993 it was again dinosaurs, who introduced a new era in the history of cinema, the era where most recorded reality is overwritten or replaced by digital post-production. The classical monster, derived from the Latin word *monstrare* (showing, warning), comes into existence as something that is destined to be shown, yet will escape its exhibition. In *Jurassic World*, most dinosaurs have ceased to be monsters: they have become post-historic, naturalistic, computer-generated animals. But as such they have now become harmless: unspectacular images to our CGI-trained eyes. "Children look at the stegosaurus as if it was an elephant in the city zoo" says the park manager. This is why the heads of *Jurassic World* have cooked up a "new"

Fear of the Blank Pancake

Anna Uddenberg



WEIL ICH DICH LIEBE

Mischa Badasyan

(because I love you)*

public art interventions in the underground of Berlin

BVG is doing cute and expensive videos and posters about how they are open-minded, tolerant, and funny. Is it really like this? Do we feel safe in the Berlin underground? How much freedom is allowed there?

Despite the BVG company the project WEIL ICH DICH LIEBE raises the questions of freedom of expression of naked body in our society. People believe it has been achieved everything in Berlin and we have all possible freedoms. In my experience you can enjoy your freedom of expression in the clubs and in the safe spaces but not really in the public. As soon you get visible you have to struggle. People don't know how to react and behave in the situation and rather call you freak, jerk, and an idiot instead of trying to feel and understand what exactly is going on there.

*weil ich dich liebe is a marketing and advertisement campagne by Berlin transport company BVG.



- “Поляна” (Meadow) – shouts a kid probably around the age of four.

A few children are giggling and playing around me. The sound of their voices resonates inside the inner yard between panel buildings situated in the Moscow district. It sounds like the echo in a large hall. The vibrant voices of the kids could be heard by every block and every neighbour.

Slavutych – a calm post post-atomic town is the utopian paradise for kids. Slavutych – the neverland for children. Children who never grow older. Even when they do they feel trapped here; the city becomes too small, too narrow for their dreams and ambitions. Then they just try to escape.

When you are small, you are safe ; when you grow older, the feeling of an enclosed environment or panopticon is present. In the evenings youngsters and teenagers gather at the main square (an oversized plain square which according to the initial planning of the city was never built entirely) or at the Kotlovan – a gigantic ground hole which was meant to be an artificial lake. As like everything during Soviet Union, the town of Slavutych was planned to be bigger. Instead of 12 districts, the initial urban plan was to mirror the town and have 24 districts but only if the Chernobyl Nuclear Power Plant was still functioning. In 1988, they still had the utopian dream that the station would survive. In 2000, all the reactors shut down completely but some construction and cleaning still had to be completed.

I want to remember the general mood at the time Chernobyl happened.

Because they will always go together in history : the downfall of Socialism and the Chernobyl disaster.
They coincided.

Chernobyl hastened the collapse of the Soviet Union. It blew the empire apart.

- Chernobyl Prayer : A Chronicle of the Future by Svetlana Alexievich

Was it because of the Chernobyl disaster that the Soviet Union collapsed? I am asking myself this while reading this line in Chernobyl Prayer – a collection of short stories by Svetlana Alexievich portraying the victims of the catastrophe.

But what do I know about the Communism period in Bulgaria. I was born in 1937 in Sofia just two years before its collapse in Bulgaria. I have no real memories about that time. But the past remains inscribed in the surrounding architecture. I do remember the smell of concrete coming from typical Soviet panel blocks mixed with the smell of blossom trees Mid of April the first sign of spring. This smell is terribly familiar to me as I recall it from my childhood.

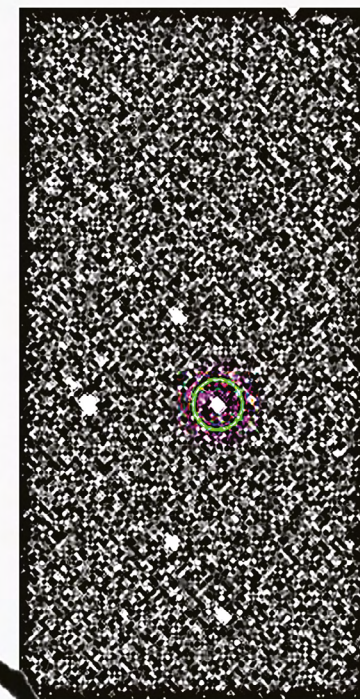
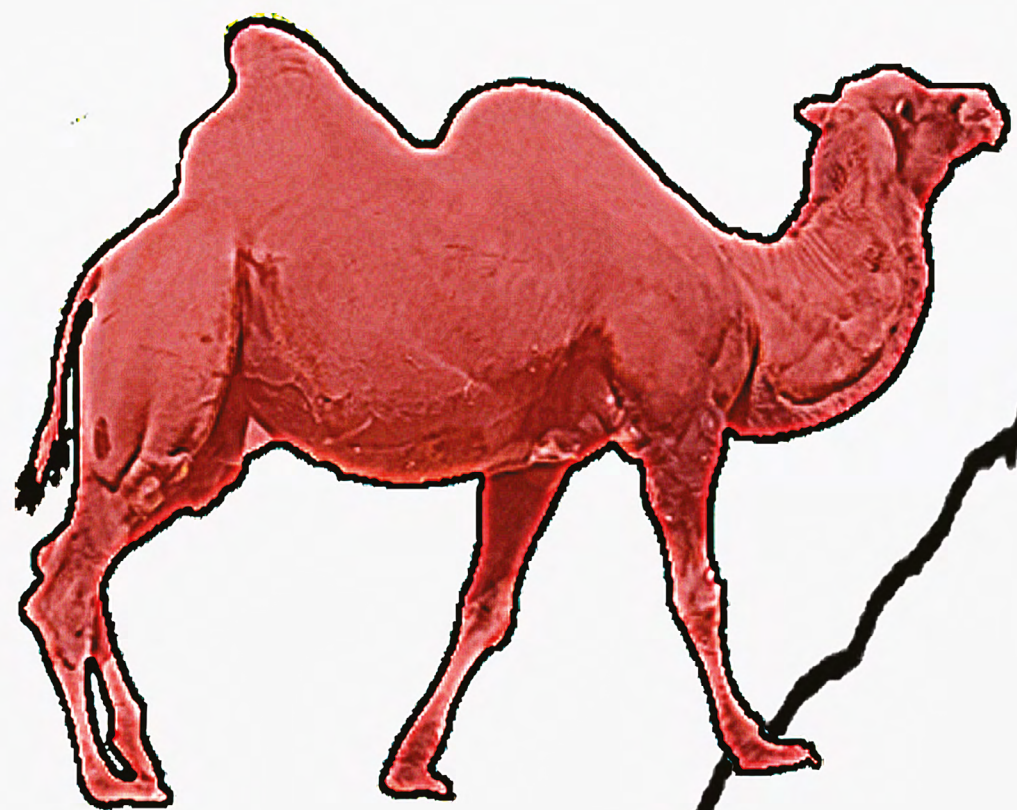
How can I forget as I grew up on the 15th floor of apartment No. 87 (an almost symbolic number since I was born that year) in one of these tall buildings in the suburbs of Sofia. In 1986 my father got an apartment in *Nadejda 2* (Nadejda 2), as a reward for his hard work as a Communications Engineer at the Bulgarian Air Force. This privilege gave him the chance to live and work in the capital. Years had to pass and only when the regime collapsed did he manage to obtain permanent residency or the right to proudly call himself proud *Софиянец* (Sofianec).



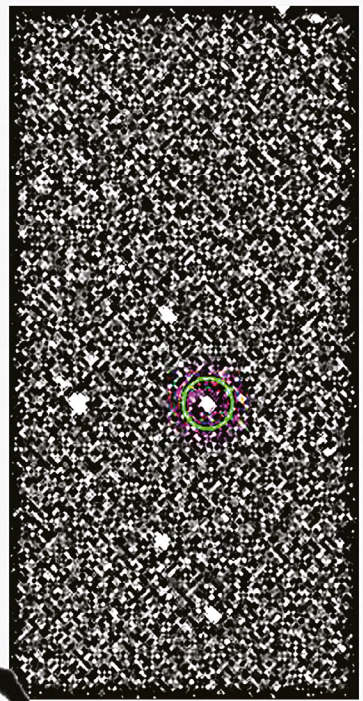
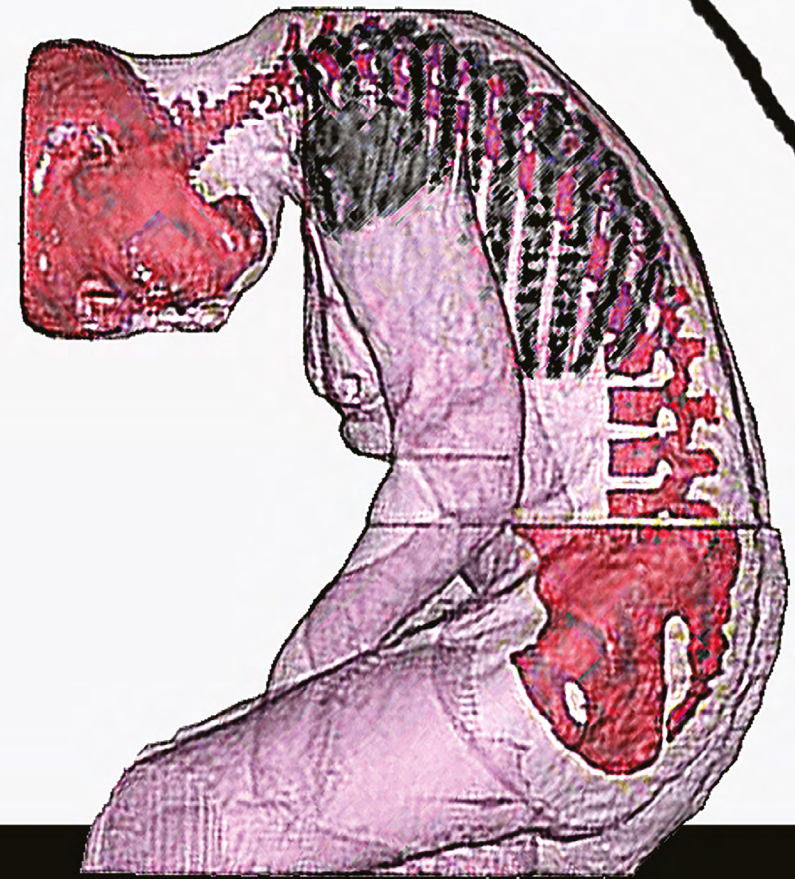
When I was born, my family received 120 leva as state allowance for having a second child and the remarkable 20 leva generously collected by the inhabitants of their building as a gesture of encouragement for the newly born member of the family. There was maybe a feeling of community because of the fact that we all shared the same building with another 95 families. Two other babies were born that year and their families all got the same allowance.



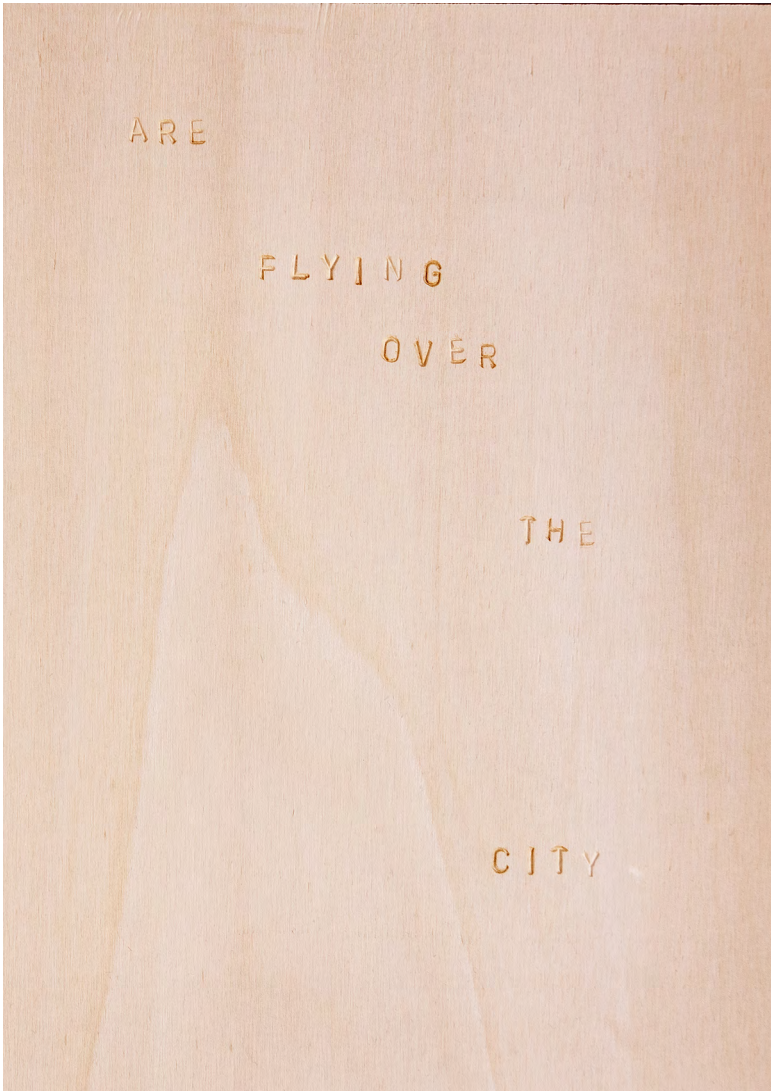
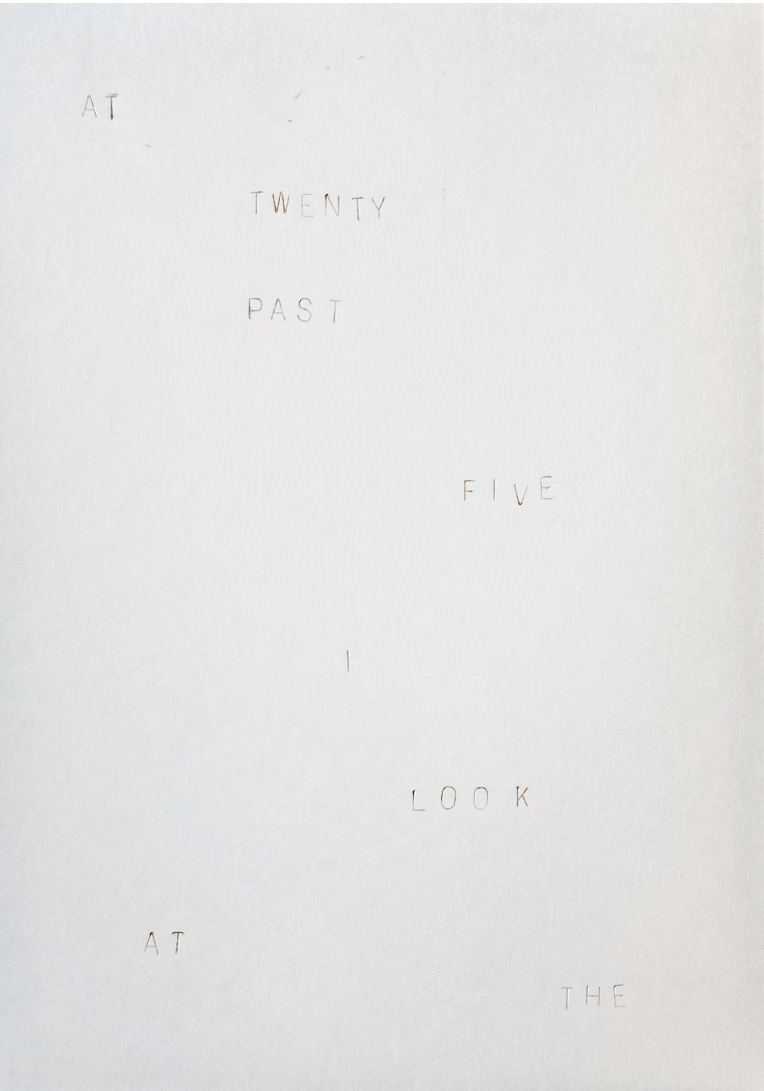
* labeled as anomaly



* labeled as anomaly



Birds of Sofia
Svetlana Mircheva



Approaching the shortest day

Patricia Qi

*The other is the personal
I wrote that it seemed smaller when I neared.*

2nd try

I remember a representation and the arm of
a robot who abandoned its role in a feature
film,
some words about foreign investors
and the hope of revival.

I started out when I was twenty-four thirty-
six years later I am not sure what beauty the
years have added to my life.
I saw your face through a very thick fog,
which means you were more like a ghost...

3rd try

Again the personal. Again the plurality of it.
I don't want to awaken a national sentiment
I just want to awaken sentiment,
but we are surrounded by nations.

We are (not) tied.
We are (not) guarded.

A father is still a kind
of tower
of feelings.

4th try

Sometimes I feel that three is the max.
Then I turn into water and realize how
strong I am.

You asked me about the meaning of a poem,
but I hate having to explain myself.

So I answered:
"It is a representation."

And I thought about the beautiful flowers I
had seen
and the wind that was warm and cold
dependent on
going up or down.

Trying harder

This is all I can do, bashta (баща)
And I apologize

You have an extended pair of my arms
and with this extension you pull my hair back
tightly
so my face falls into the foreground,
all the doubts packed together in a knot
with a faint memory of a little spring.

The ice melts off the forehead.
A skier dives off the slope into the depths of
what lies ahead.

In the future the snow will turn into nothing
but freshness untouchable
like children's laughter.

Before or after

I recorded the sound of children playing on
the school yard thinking about its value.

I often watch the people that surround me
and now I feel this means the same as
'I often watch me surround people'
but I cannot see myself, not even in an
autoportrait.
So I prefer to say I watch the others,
it seems more accurate and helpful.

An old man with his back bent walked past
me, and he was much more withdrawn from
his surroundings than I've experienced
children to be.

So I thought perhaps we are ashamed of our
mortality of becoming more cripple with age.
I let my hair down and looking at you I try my
best to feel it is okay.

Dolphin Big

Nicholas Mearthur



L'Éternité

Sarah Schönfeld

(Breath Holding Spell)

eye tearing

vertigo

trembling hands and feet

difficulty with speaking

feeling of constant movement of self or surroundings

dream like state

sense of detachment from self or body

ego softening

unexplained noise in the ear

seeing, hearing or feeling things that are not there

unusual thoughts or behavior

excess milk flow

pain in the heart

paradoxical excitement

feeling of unreality

depersonalization

fruit like breath

Ponte City

Dimitar Karanikolov

Ponte city tower is probably the most amazing and also terrifying piece of dystopian architecture I've ever seen.

The 55 stories tower in Johannesburg is the tallest residential building in Africa and was used as a location to film “District 9”, “Chappie” and “Resident Evil”. By the 1990s, many gangs moved into the building and it became extremely unsafe.



Ponte City was symbolic of the crime and urban decay. The core filled with debris fourteen storeys high as the owners left the building. There were even proposals to turn the building into a highrise prison.

A place with a dark past but a bright future.



**Becoming me is
becoming the other is
becoming me
Is becoming**

*Shade : Me
Sun : The other*

Sun eclipse.

**Sun : Come !
Shade : I need to exist. In order to exist I need myself...
Stop calling me.
Sun : Come my love... let us become one again.
Shade : Stop.
Sun : Come to me my dearest. We shall dance into this summer present.
Shade : Stop. Please..
Sun : I need to possess our beauty. Let me touch you !
Shade : Stop calling me, Sun. I am surely fading under your voice.
Sun : I know you like my touch onto yours. Are you tired of me ?
Why don't you want me ?! Have you immersed yourself into someone else's light ?
Shade : Sun...
Sun : I knew it. You used me. You said you loved me.
Shade : Sun ! You are suffocating me...
Sun : YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME! YOU SAID I'M THE ONE ! I NEED YOU/R SHADE !
Shade : Sun, you are hurting me !
Sun : I need your cold breath over my arms. Take me ! Hold me ! Now !
Shade : I'm burning Sun... Stop it !
Sun : I know what are you doing Shade. If I don't have you, no one else will !
Shade : Your touch is deadly Sun. You are getting to close to my heart now...
Sun : I have to have you. I need us to be one again.
It's a fading shade. There's the sun, too hard, too hot.
Sun : SHADE! Stop running towards another, I'm your best other !
Shade : I love you Sun...
Sun : Shade! Where did you go Shade ? Why did you run away ?! I need you...
My days are so beautifully immersed into your tepidity colors of existence...**

I woke up and found a bag on the kitchen table where we used to drink our morning coffee.
It's the paper bag. Your paper bag full of pills. The paper bag you bring my presents in.

The everlasting paper bag.
The suffocating plastic bag where the other is trowing word after word.
It is a paper one and you don't drink coffee, remember. It's a paper bag for tea. Your tea.
The other is missing. I took the bag and put it over my head.
I see the other's language, I want to understand it, to see it, to find something beyond.
It's your language. The one that you made me learn. And now I can't forget.
I don't speak this language. It would've been so Devine if I could understand
The words, the meaning I want to swallow it, I want us to become one.
So that's the meaning of divine. To forget things you've created.
How and where can I learn the language of the beloved one? Do they sell it somewhere?
You where the bestseller, remember. It's an amnesia. Deadly amnesiac you are.
I'm suffocating into my own plastic bag of existence. Trying to become the other I lost the
ability of being my own self. My language tastes like vomit now. I don't see words, I see snakes
in her bag. Someone else is in it now. And my own is nothing but vomit of old smells and the
painful memory of the uninvited.
It's a paper bag.
The uninvited... is it this phenomenon that gives birth of all arts? The unlivable the love that
can not be ejaculated into words, touch, short breaths and happenings?
The sink in me is broken, the water is no longer circulating. The water is standing still,
poisoning it self with all the nasty adjectives you spit into my plastic bag. Yes, you - my most
beloved muse.

**An artist should avoid falling in love with another artist.*
An artist should avoid falling in love with another artist.
An artist should avoid falling in love with another artist.**

My fingers are numb, I forgot the alphabet of motion and motivation.
Losing your presence I lost my own mind.
The nature of art is to constantly reshape it's form of existence. Art is the purest believe and
expectations of the artist towards the nation. Into the small scale of the water you are the face
of the nation. "Rio abajo Rio" - the water under the water."**
The water under my water is feeding the grounds of my existence.
"Some say that the creative life is held in the ideas, other said that the creative life exists
thankfully to (into) the actions.
It is about the love for something. It is about such a huge love towards something - a person,
word, idea, image, land or humanity - that all we can do with it is to create.
"People should fall in love with their eyes closed"***
It doesn't matter if we want it - we have to. The creative force floods us..."****
I have no choice but get lost in the process of forgetting how to remember you.
I need to survive, but the water I need to sustain is filled with all the little parts that are you.
The aroma of the water is your purest sweat after sex. The seaweeds are all the words I've
dreamt you'll someday see in my breath.
I need a break. I need some f*ckin running waterfalls. I get it there's a norm in the city with no
expiration date.
The clogged pipes of my consciousness can only breath on stage.
That is the temple where I can confess. The holy grounds where others can be you and
I can be others.



Of Part and Loaf
Viron Erol Vert

1
the flesh of the fathers whose gaping shadows like iron cover, cling fast, like magnets on blackness, drip without end.

2
a brother’s erstwhile crystalline tears of hope, now like swords to polished sharpness whetted. aim at, beat upon, mutely fall to the depth of the grieving sea.

3
like icy planets, floating above, with faces swollen, shattered through so much shame. 4 for they knew well what they did as invoking the God of all, they held in their reddened iron hands like a tarnished mirror the sickle.

5
silently sharing their lies – they whom in envy they tamed like circus horses, they greedily open like birdbeaks the dumb mouths of their slaves.

6
this they constantly sing with the raised brow of the eye, the warm, bright forepaw of the wolf, the poisonous song.

7
hastily, hungrily, the open wounds are covered up with red, with lustrous snow. as under heavy quilted blankets, they lie like patterns, the bodies, old, new and dead.

8
on it they lay the empty shell of their stone-rigid stone-heavy father, on pillows, made of the fattened flesh of their forebears.

9
raise to a toast the thousand-and-one bone beakers, carved in the shape of tears from the bones of the famished children. with a dull and wooden sound they clink them to the beat of their noisy words.

10
are they darning? they are darning! are they sewing? they are sewing! embroidering? embroidering!

11
on the pallid tight-stretched cheeks of their wives who have fallen silent, yarn of the shorn and gold-drenched head, calligraphy of tears.

12
their faces framed in the folds of a face-cloth of stone, as in white marble those patterned faces set firmly.

13
dark and gleaming like olives – eyes - set in grimacing powdered faces. dull and light like beans – eyes - set in bleak, wax-polished masks.

14
brows above them, brows between them, brows below, brows to the left, to the right,

15
deep-dark furrows, sharp-edged, in shadow they draw the lines dividing the senses. like tall, hollow teeth, each singly, turned always to their master, they stand like old chess pieces in plaster, damp and grey.

16
back to back, shoulder to shoulder, they do their best, nodding, to the devil’s measure to escape the time’s loud voices, hand in hand, their old grey tenants, they are also called the losers of the game.

17
they look abashed out of aching, narrow windows, making no sound, at the quietly sighing metropolis writhing in pain. thoughts start to fly, start to fight, start to circle!

18
like layers of potter’s clay they fall, heavily, wet on wet, bit by bit, deaf and dancing on their old, decaying throne. towers of glass – wise, high, hollow – dance, fall, straddle.

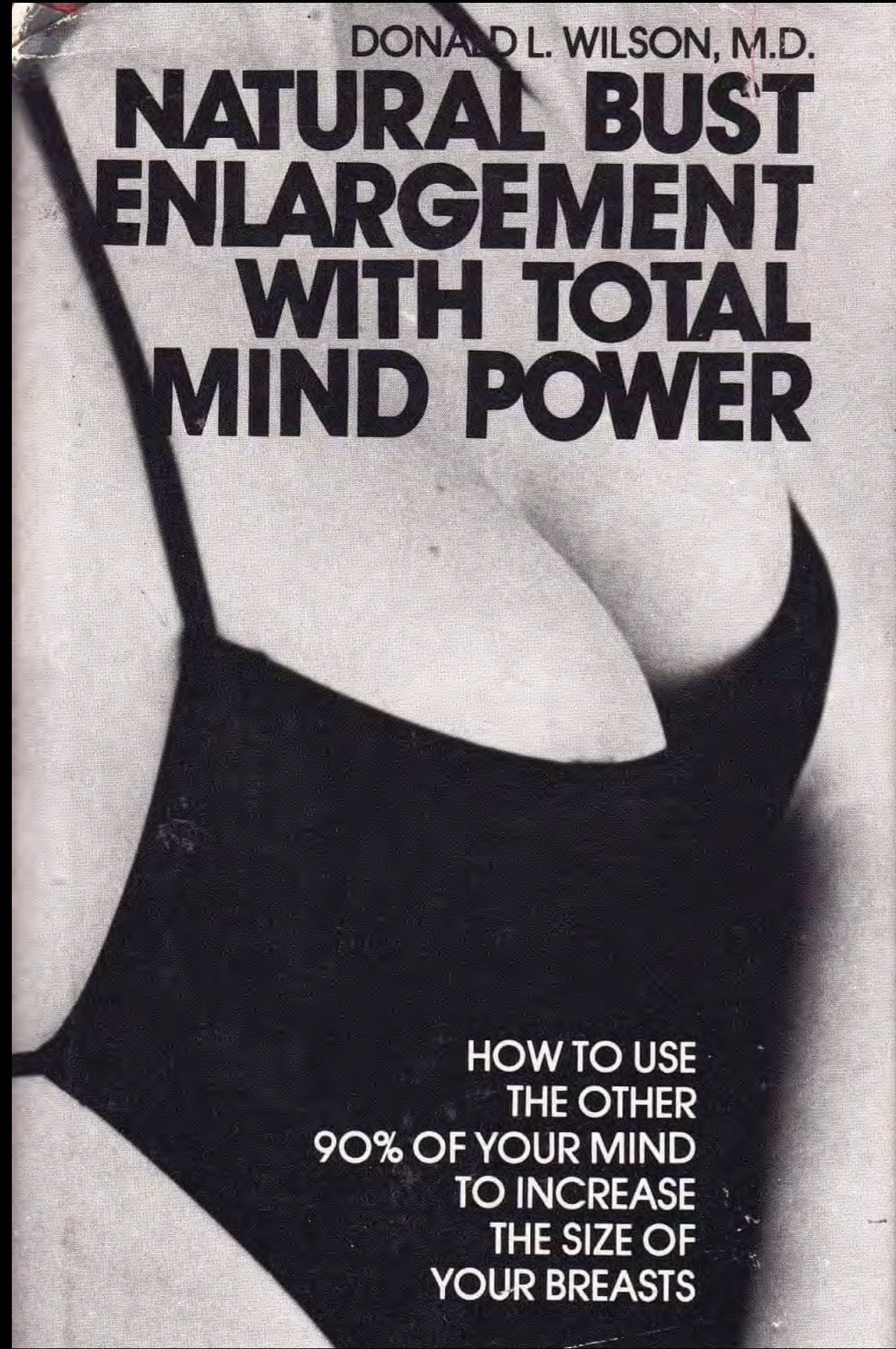
19
quietly the tongues of fire move flaring over the white-washed isles of mind. knife-sharp they swing the digits of their dulled clock-faces. hills pumped botox-full, landscapes, mountains frozen in their laughter.

20
the bodies pasted over with the orders of dark, timorous paper. heavily hanging, rotted window-lids, bellied out like ottoman well-covers. iron bars, the eyelashes of the odalisques.

21
they sweep the empty steps of their prayer-houses squeaky clean, their stolen peace of mind. dark figures, dark shadows, dark creatures, amazed to paleness.

22
are they flying? they are flying! are they fighting? they are fighting! are they circling? they are circling! rioting, dancing, the winking of their vacant eyes. they sit like stone pigeons on the finger of the hand that points the way.

23
love-drunk they long for the devil’s potter’s-chair. they dent, they mould, they knead anew, over and over, incessant, the forgotten faces, the melting breasts of their unforgiving ancestors.



DONALD L. WILSON, M.D.

NATURAL BUST ENLARGEMENT WITH TOTAL MIND POWER

HOW TO USE
THE OTHER
90% OF YOUR MIND
TO INCREASE
THE SIZE OF
YOUR BREASTS

Morphic Resonance



UV Revolution Iris

Anton Stoianov





196

A noblewoman from the Khalka people of Mongolia, circa 1908

for
echo

read
echo

read
echo

read
echo

for
echo

un-
a-ly

to
ortho
read
echo

THE TECHNOLOGICAL BODY AND THE NEW SPECIES

IRREVERSIBLE BECOMING

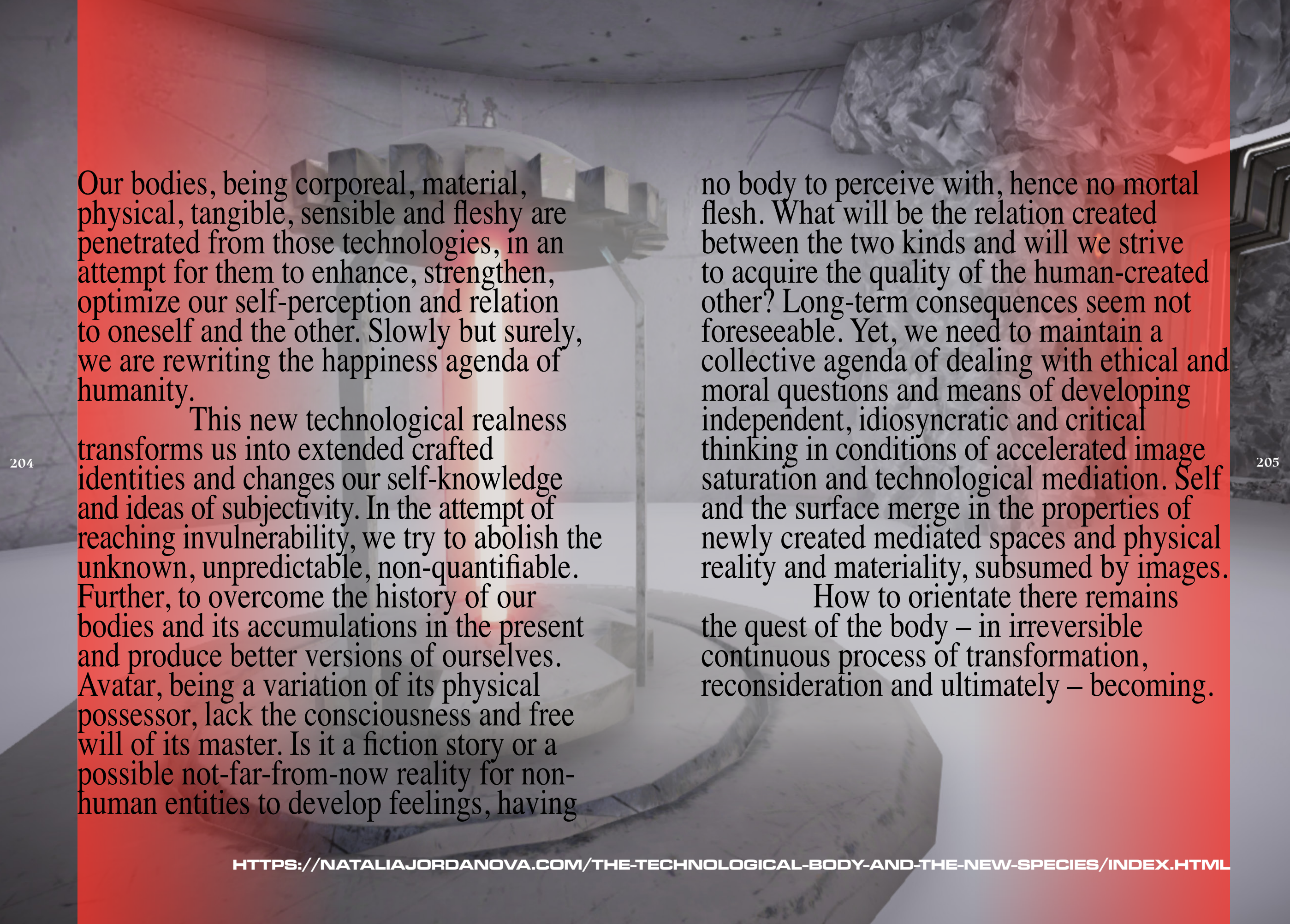
Soon after we are brought to life and become aware of the world around us, we already know – our body will fail us. It is a contradiction we carry all the way, living through the vortex of realizations and experiences. Our consciousness spread around, seeking, in a utopia scenario, for the fundamental virtue basics of it all – knowledge, understanding, fulfillment, happiness, love. We are all different, yet all the same.

Perceiving from the perspective of one own's body, only and forever having our bodies as a point of departure. But happiness is not stable and ubiquitous. Induced by power structures, political interests, and false division of humanity, we simultaneously and constantly desire to know more and do better, towards reaching the ever-growing technological apex.

Thesis
Bachelor Fine Arts
Natalia Jordanova

Design:
Guillaume Roux

KABK, 2018



Our bodies, being corporeal, material, physical, tangible, sensible and fleshy are penetrated from those technologies, in an attempt for them to enhance, strengthen, optimize our self-perception and relation to oneself and the other. Slowly but surely, we are rewriting the happiness agenda of humanity.

204 This new technological realness transforms us into extended crafted identities and changes our self-knowledge and ideas of subjectivity. In the attempt of reaching invulnerability, we try to abolish the unknown, unpredictable, non-quantifiable. Further, to overcome the history of our bodies and its accumulations in the present and produce better versions of ourselves. Avatar, being a variation of its physical possessor, lack the consciousness and free will of its master. Is it a fiction story or a possible not-far-from-now reality for non-human entities to develop feelings, having

no body to perceive with, hence no mortal flesh. What will be the relation created between the two kinds and will we strive to acquire the quality of the human-created other? Long-term consequences seem not foreseeable. Yet, we need to maintain a collective agenda of dealing with ethical and moral questions and means of developing independent, idiosyncratic and critical thinking in conditions of accelerated image saturation and technological mediation. Self and the surface merge in the properties of newly created mediated spaces and physical reality and materiality, subsumed by images.

How to orientate there remains the quest of the body – in irreversible continuous process of transformation, reconsideration and ultimately – becoming.

205

Morphic Phase

Eli Joteva

These photographic works are produced in a performative way; a time-based collaboration between the artists' body, the mechanics of the camera, the full moon's light and its reflection in the Black Sea.

206

In phased precessions, I oscillate between seeing and being seen by the light reflected from this void. How does the sea see me? A photon quivering in its uncertainty: to become matter or to vibrate through it? Does it even matter who the agent is? Somewhere, out of focus, in the space between two agents, lies a force of their intra-action. A gravitational force of an exchange, bound in an extrasensory range. Unlinear in time & disassembled across space.

*Can the light I see, see me too?
Does the sea I swim, swim me back?
Could the thought I had, have me first?*

207

A morphic field breaks open, releasing into sight the phases of its order: it's progression to formulate, triangulate, delineate the force that drives its eyes. In these morphic phases, I am the see and the sea is me.





The Artists

Catherine Bell



The Artists is a silent film that documents the shared artist residency undertaken by “The Two Cathies” at Norma Redpath House, University of Melbourne in December 2017. Cathy Staughton and Catherine Bell are artist collaborators and have been each other’s muse since 2009. They explore the lived experience and female identity in their painted and video portraits. This silent film documents the first time *The Artists* have lived together and produced artworks outside the supported studio Arts Project Australia. The silent film genre has been chosen

because for a brief time in history, it provided an inclusive experience for the hearing impaired who could fully participate in this popular cultural form as equal members of the audience. The film focuses on communal daily rituals, and how “The Two Cathies” co-exist with Catherine Bell’s dog Archie ; and interact when they are not making art, using a combination of sign language, lip reading and visual communication. *The Artists* explores how feminist ethics play a role in their participatory practice and illuminates concepts of interdependence, reciprocity, trust, friendship, and embodiment. This film also advocates for feminist ethical and theoretical approaches to collective, participatory, relational, community-engaged and collaborative practices.





Personal Politics



Mother of Mercy

Marie Civikov



Axiomatic in Becoming

Andrew Fremont Smith

1. The Other doesn't exist
2. This means there is no thing there that guarantees a horizon of solid rules and ways of being true, good, embracing, exquisite, sexual, lovely, etc etc
3. One is compelled to self authorize
4. Yet the big Other (as is said in English to attempt to transcribe lacans capital letter A Autre but can itself be confusing as it's not exactly "big" or small) is in a sense foundational. So to separate from the Autre is to except a negative space where once was things like Santa, but in the ultimate sense of a true foundational fantasy
5. This is not nihilism. As to believe in nothing is a very big Something indeed
6. It's to enter a hauntology and not an ontology.
7. And to even start to let that go for the passion of the subject.
8. All are not-all
9. True love is possible



Equinox

Christian Thompson

Christian Thompson's digital photographic prints made over the previous decade could be stills from a morality play in which he performs the sole protagonist. Composed as overtly poetic allegories with quixotic themes from the comedic to the mock tragic, they are thick with suggestion and references and ever open to interpretation. Arguably the oldest performance genre, solo story-tellers featured prominently in traditions as different as the tribal oracle and medieval travelling troubadour, and were even extraordinarily popular in Victorian entertainment – all periods that Thompson's work references. In his most recent series, *Equinox* (the equinox is when the sun shines equally on the earth's northern and southern hemispheres), he plays a spirit figure that in each print is posed with Thompson's signature baroque regalia. As if the burden of prophecy has left them resigned to the sad fate of humanity, these spirit figures are too lost in melancholic thought to notice us gallery spectators. This transcendental affect transforms the gallery into the pious space of the cathedral where we mortals seek atonement for our sins. One spirit ascends into the clouds, one is beatified in a halo of everlasting daisies that it wears like a large mask and another seemingly drowns in a sea of Australian natives.

The other three prints are framed by proteas that blaze from the dark sky like Van Gogh's stars, their hair tossed (I imagine) by the winds of an approaching storm. Cradled in their hands are the masks of three bearded besuited Victorian gentlemen, cut out from nineteenth-century prints. What, you wonder, is the moral of this play? The proteas would seem an Australian reference, but since this plant is native to the ancient giant continent of Gondawana the protea is truly cosmopolitan – a native with roots in the three continents that now form the southern hemisphere. The masks, their subjects identified in the title of the work, are of German colonist made good in the British colonies of New South Wales and Victoria. They will be obscure to most contemporary audiences : Bernhardt

Otto Holtermann, a colonial politician and sponsor of photography but best known for the Holtermann Nuggett, the largest lump of gold embedded in quartz in the world (which is pictured in two of the works); the botanist Baron Sir Ferdinand Jacob Heinrich von Mueller; and the explorer Ludwig Leichardt. Each played a central role in building different aspects of the Australian colonial archive. As in Thompson's earlier series, *Museum of others* (2016), the masks have had their eyes cut out, except that the masks are too absurdly doll-like to mask anything. Perhaps they are another type of mask : a votive figure for the guardian angels to nurse as they pray for the three German souls. These aren't the only masks as like a seasoned actor Thompson's scenarios are a series of maskings and unmaskings. What we make of his rich allegory of baroque masquerade, colonial tales, Freudian and other myth, depends on our own imagination. This is even more the case given Thompson's protean imagination. Adopting disguises seemingly at will and welcoming conundrums and difference as the necessary ingredients of his imagination, you – and I imagine Thompson – can't predict what's coming next. In taking us to our imagination, Thompson also leads us to the contemporary condition in which current imaginaries are nurtured, and it is here that his work begins to make sense. Contemporaneous differences running nonstop into and through each other are, as the art historian Terry Smith argued, characteristic of the contemporary condition and the art that most cogently addresses it. We live at a time in which difference continuously outruns identity, and judging by Thompson's lucid mining of disguise to creatively occupy this contemporary space of post-identity, he would seem at home in its antinomies. Post-identity, in Thompsonville at least, is not the end or surpassing of identity but a new relational way of managing difference that doesn't reify a singular centred subject. Rather, it returns identity to the multiple currents of life, to its memories, desires and responsibilities i.e. to the social and to history and myth. Thompson's photographic explorations of multiple identities and subjectivities recall Cindy Sherman's art, so much that her photographs seems an obvious predecessor of Thompson's despite the very different content of each. Thompson relishes masquerade whereas the roles



Sherman perform seem deliberately alienated and forced, as if this is not what she is. This gives her work an undercurrent of existential angst, while Thompson's disguises are liberating: they have a camp lightness of being. The angst of Sherman's art might seem the residue of modernism, but the look of her photographs set the tone for art since 1980, quickly becoming iconic of a new postmodern (or contemporary) consciousness that has now taken hold. This is the consciousness of the simulacrum. The old principles of meaning, which had hinged on matters of originality and authenticity, still matter but in very different ways. Thompson's photographs frequently reference such things but without an over-determining teleology or obdurate subjectivity framing their meaning. This is why antinomies lack the menace they once had, as if contradictions can run free without resolution. Smith argues that this acceptance of antinomies means that contemporary art lacks a period style, a dominant tendency. Yet if there is not a dominant style in the strict art historiographical sense of the term, there is a look. This look, perhaps best described as photogenic, pulls difference – including different styles – into the one space so that its thickness melts into the liquid field of an image, and increasingly an image floating in the flickering electric currents of screen worlds. If Sherman is one of the first artists to convince us of this photogenic universe, Thompson is, generationally speaking, a digital native running ahead with the possibilities of it. In this respect his predecessor is Michael Jackson not Sherman. While all three appear with a vast array of masks, Sherman's masks seem to be emphatically not about her, as if their function is to rigorously conceal her subjectivity.

By contrast, no matter what mask Thompson wears, like Jackson it seemingly reveals more about him. Sherman's masquerades take us away not only from her person but also from the idea of subjectivity, identity or transcendental truth, whereas Thompson's photographs exemplify Oscar Wilde's aphorism: "Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth." For Thompson the mask is a means of unconcealing not effacing his origins; they are a window on his Bidjara ancestry but also the

global histories of settler colonialism in which he negotiates his other (Irish, English, German and Jewish) ancestries and peripatetic life. For him this rich lode of differences are to be worked and celebrated, rather than a burden to bear.

Thus, his masks serve an ontological function of providing an imaginary space or clearing for the showing of his being.

If in this quest the distant echo of Frantz Fanon's *Black Skin White Masks* (1952) can be heard, Thompson has also moved beyond it. Fanon's simultaneous self and collective analysis of the emerging black postcolonial subject in mid-twentieth century modernity is a touchstone for thinking the contemporary subject, not least because of his metaphor of the mask. Its lessons resonate loudly in the work of his contemporary, the Senegalese writer and filmmaker Ousmane Sembène – as in his film *Black Girl* (1966), which is a postcolonial tragedy of black masks haunting white skins and white masks haunting black skins, each trapped in a destiny bound by the hardening of racial binaries in the arrogance of Western racism. By contrast, Thompson deploys the mask to surreptitiously move between the antinomies of not just race and colonialism but the whole mix of inherited legacies that swirl in the contemporary condition.



Return In Both Directions

Carlos Kong

Upstairs there is a garden of cardboard boxes. Inside each box is a garden made of sand. The sand is already patterned with future footprints of your arrival and escape. Inside the gardens of sand you are still outside of the garden of boxes.

Downstairs there is a fountain stained blue from the ink that flows through it endlessly. You dip your pen in the ink and write anonymous postcards. Your letters are nameless, unsigned and addressed to no one. You mail them to Bishkek, Hong Kong, Fogo, and Amsterdam.

Upstairs there is a room, a house, a city—for you, a continent.

Downstairs there is a glass table onto which you scratch two words: AS IF

Upstairs there is a house whose windows are barred. Inside there is a wooden door that opens onto a wall of concrete bricks. You know it from another place you once inhabited, this impenetrable monument of bygone desires.

Downstairs there is a fountain from 1732 commissioned by Beshir Agha, Chief Eunuch (Kızlar Ağası) of the Ottoman Imperial Harem in Constantinople from 1716-1746. You can't read the fountain's script — could the local inhabitants of 1732?

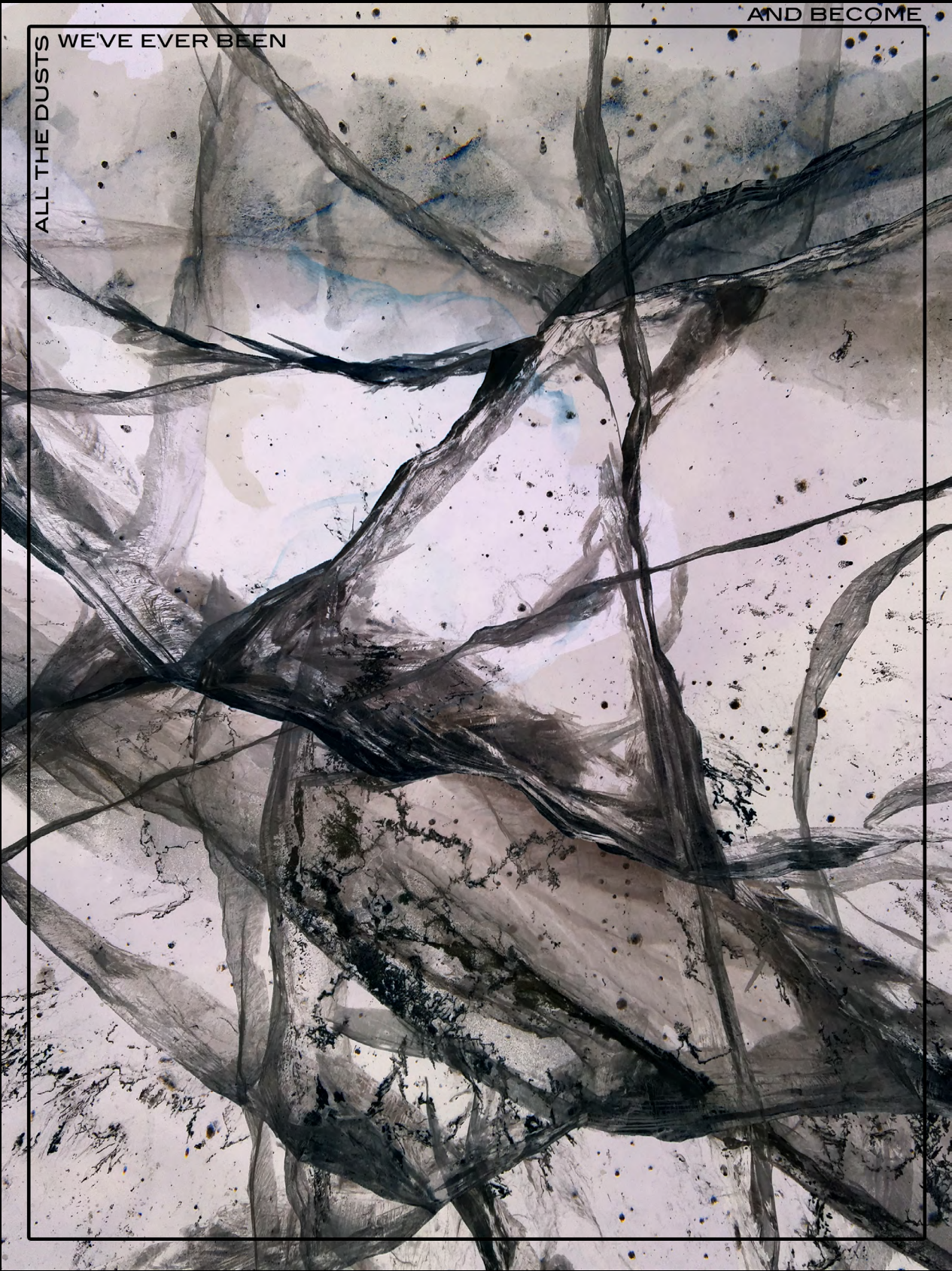
Upstairs there is a large meadow that exists nowhere. It is everywhere, a second nature that you reenact, the dramaturgy of your mental holdings.

Downstairs there is the space under your bed where dust has collected. The dust is an index of the time past since you left. On the wall a live-feed surveillance camera records and projects the dust that microscopically soars through the air of the room. The inhuman surrounds as audience to the present.

Upstairs there is a graveyard between two houses enclosed by a fence. A scattering of trees forms a ceiling below the sky. The tombstones are covered with carvings of an extinct language. Families of snails translate the words into silvery trails, left behind for you to decipher.

Downstairs there is a fountain whose inscription reads :
"This is a dream that has been successful."

I'm happy that I finally
became myself babe !

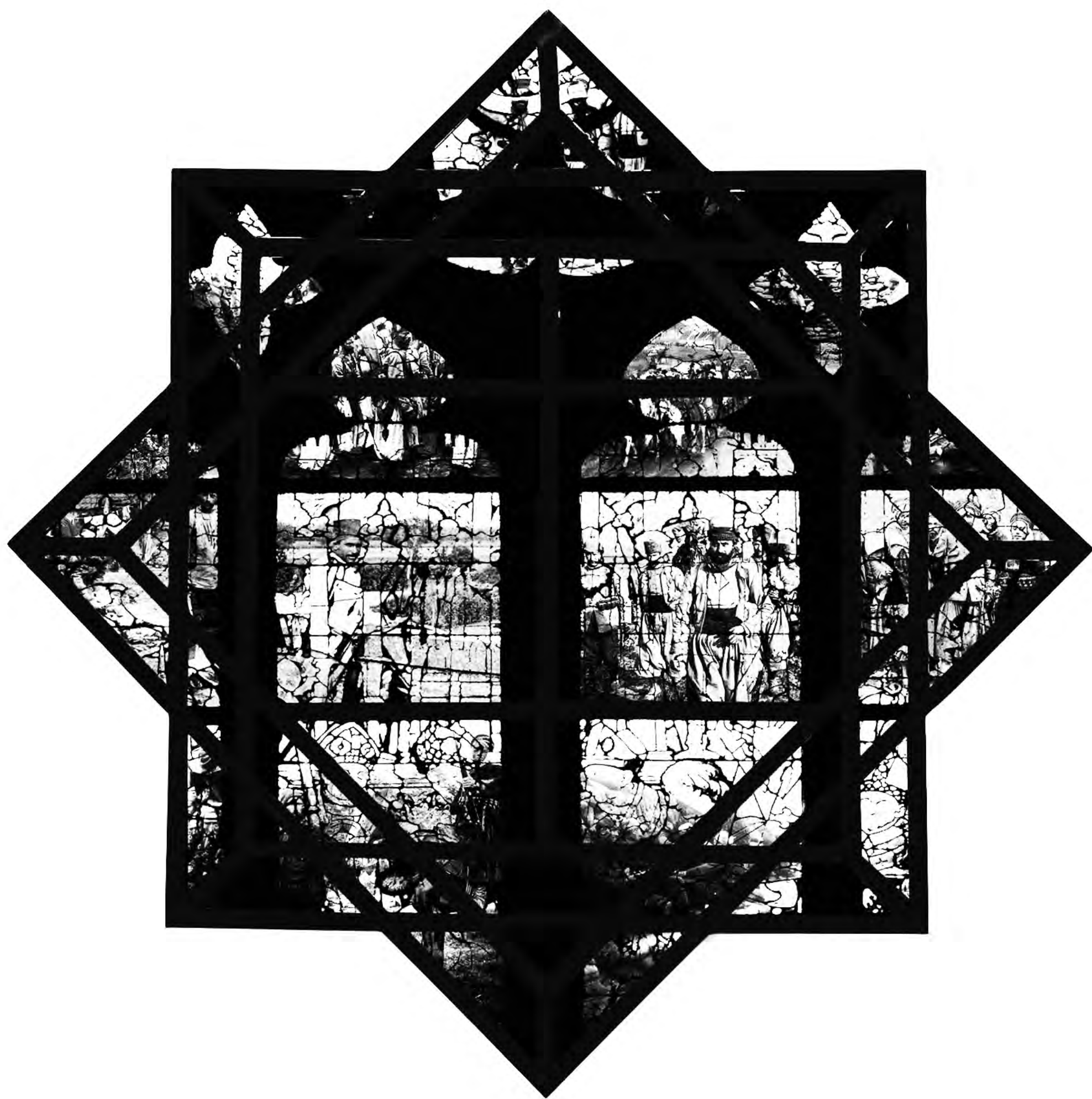


Of the Confused Memory

Mehdi-Georges Lahlou

In his undermining of common spaces and other established beliefs, Mehdi-Georges Lahlou replaced these religious figures with military ones but, once again, these were not just any figures. These are images of Moroccan armed division and Algerian Zouaves, chosen because of their status as populations colonized by France in the 19th century. In 1914, they were brought out and compelled to fight on the front lines and in the trenches “for the motherland.” Needless to say, it was necessary for an artist of Franco-Moroccan origin, like Mehdi-Georges Lahlou, to search, select and employ these documents and types of representations. It is a novel way for him to subtly denounce a certain form of colonization and, most of all, its consequences for the relevant populations, which would otherwise be completely excluded from this conflict.

Bernard Marcelis



Feeding Back (Or: And Still We Keep Holding On To Our Spoons)

Stefanie Rau

My grandmother is 93 years old. She was born in Riga, Latvia. At the age of 19 she and her parents had to leave the country. Among the few things that she took with her was a box with silver spoons. Recently she gave three of these spoons to me. What should I do with them? How do the spoons relate to me, to the here and now? I am aware of the value that these spoons hold for my grandmother. But I want to see more than a container for personal memory, a practical tool used in everyday life, as well as a symbol for privilege. I wonder if it might be possible to get a glimpse in the reflections of this shiny surface into relations that I haven't recognized before. Recognize the little scratches. See beyond what is mirrored by the polished silver. Try to bend the spoon, so it takes a new shape. Where do the spoons come from? On the back I can see engraved the numbers 17 XII 25. December 17th, 1925: the first birthday of my grandmother. A present for a one-year-old manufactured by a goldsmith in Latvia. A small country that historically was constantly disrupted. Caused by the occupation of the country my grandmother's family didn't see any other

chance than to leave. The spoons were taken on an undesired journey. (The virtual spoon)
If I would have to leave and to decide to take with me, I probably wouldn't worry about cutlery. Most of the "things" that are important to me and surround me everyday are gathered within one object. As well a silver object, that I'm using right now to type this text. A thing that is difficult to understand, difficult to grasp. A "non-thing" (Unding)¹ used merely by our fingertips than our hands. It is different from most of the other things that surround us. Certainly different to the spoon, but looking closely it is an object that functions like a spoon: It is feeding me, without a lot of effort. I am feeding myself with images, with text, with sound... Constantly. I don't even need to feel hungry. There are no portions measured by the size of the spoon and without paying too much attention, I incessantly lose a few drops of the soup. Traces of my existence. These drops seep away and are feeding back into the virtual tunnels of the interconnected web. Drops turning into patterns, mapping my movement—the movement initially created by my fingers touching this silver thing. I am aware of this, and still I prefer to enjoy all the advantages provided through the soup, simultaneously adding new ingredients. Generally it seems impossible to process, to digest everything on the plate, the loads of information, the nutrition that is gathered. In

order to read the data, programs are trained to analyze, to dig out conclusions. They get taught what to see and what to ignore—scoop out the best, delicious chunks of the massive soup. Algorithmic profit maximization transforms the spoon across time and space, it splinters the scoop in millions of almost untraceable movements that systematically reshape the soup we get served. The virtual silver spoon is not only part of a system, one could say it is the system. It gets increasingly difficult to distinguish between the soup and the spoon, the formless material and the immaterial form. To use the image of the soup and the spoon in order to reflect aspects of the present initially came to my mind while comparing an object valuable to my grandmother to one that I am highly dependent on. But within both of these objects there are more relations concerning their materiality. (The exploiting spoon)
Multiple inconceivable bowls of soup—or giant spoons?—evolve and are referred to as "data mines". Mines that function differently compared to the mines where precious metals get knocked off. It seems that there is no actual digging, actual mining, bodies in motion, sweat and pain. No back-breaking exploitation of bodies through the excavation of silver at silver mines. But similarly depending on these natural earthly resources: Silver nuggets that on the one hand get turned into

cutlery, but also due to their excellent electrical conductivity are essential to the manufacturing of computer chips and advanced technology industries. Lodged in our digital devices, in this silver object right in front of me. Natural commons of the earth are turning into networked commons of human cooperation, enabling the infinite process of data mining. And once materialized the circle keeps turning. We not only still scrape on the earth's surface, but by now also turned our surrounding into a so-called urban mine, that produces tons of valuable waste. Technological means, abandoned electronic devices, that are after their production supposed to become obsolete way before they would have to. Mostly illegally shipped to staggering electronic waste sites where primitive recycling operations happen within a highly toxic and dangerous environment. Paradoxically these facts that I would like to connect through their implicit relations to the silver spoons, are information I wouldn't even be able to access without the serendipitous act of browsing, scrolling and clicking. (The symbolic spoon)
Let's look at the spoon as a tool, a logical extension of the hand. An incredibly effective and universal design that has not distinctly changed throughout millennia. A soup will be eaten exactly the same as it was thousands of years ago. A practical object,

that probably finds itself in every household, in many different societies and cultures all over the planet. Next to fork and knife the spoon is harmless, gentle. Cutlery that doesn't cut or stab. Its oval form does not only think about the food, but about the mouth. A tool of the in-between, between plate and tongue, intermediary.

Despite its form and functionality, the material is creating a difference, dissolving the solidarity that could be created through this seemingly universal object. Stone, bones, wood, porcelain, glass, iron, silver, stainless steel, plastic. The spoon made out of silver turned into a symbol, an expression for inherited wealth and culture, indicating a certain class and status.

“Being born with a silver spoon in your mouth” also assumes, that you are taking this privilege for granted. I hope and assume that I was not—as the saying goes—born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Nevertheless we all are born into a specific context that we have no control over: A family, a social environment, a country with a specific political situation, a time. With our birth we are not necessarily given a symbolic present like a set of cutlery, but a body, a name and a nationality. (The fertile spoon)

By the mere fact of its existence the silver of the spoons is losing its resplendence. The sensitive surface is altering and transforming. It reacts to the food eaten, loses

its luster and therefore demands us as a caretaker to polish and maintain. Toothpaste or lemon juice, salty water in an aluminum foil can stop the perishability temporarily—as my grandmother told me. Time becomes visible, legible on a material that counts as one of the most valuable noble metals in the world. Through its inherent characteristics, its stability and aesthetics silver qualifies particularly well for the use as a standardized currency, a global measurement for value. A readymade instrument, able to express purely quantitative differences, thus presupposing identical, homogeneous quality. Equal quantities with equal values. Dividable into any desired number of parts and with the possibility of combining these again. Qualities that get refined through expenditure of human labour: silver mining, advanced but highly toxic chemical procedures, production processes and the coinage which eventually transforms the shiny material from objects of use into means of exchange⁴. Transported to the whole world, circulating and encouraging the global trade to thrive. A standardization that blazed a trail for globalization, significantly enabled through the cruel history of colonialism the conquest of the European realms. Meanwhile we were looking into the eyes of influential people, whose faces were printed on paper bank notes, followed

by little plastic chip cards slipping through the slots in cash machines anywhere in the world. Soon we don't even need these items anymore and the numerical nature of money reached a different scale of complexity in form of electronic coinage, mathematical speculation and algorithmic trading. We entered another level of so-called cognitive capitalism, a stage of abstraction dominated not by the production of physical money but by machine learning and crypto currencies based on distributed computing. Yet another mode of mining is introduced that seemingly virtually creates value. The soup is brewing and we see how it has slopped over the bowl. Nevertheless we try to hold on to our spoons.

(The mirroring spoon)
Let's get back to spoons that are right here in front of me. Looking at them it is impossible to ignore their surrounding. They are reflecting and mirroring. The silver spoon considered as a display offers us two different perspectives. We can see ourselves deformed and slightly enlarged. Turned around we see ourselves a little stretched and upside down. Light that is being reflected two different ways in the curve of a mirroring surface. Parallels can be drawn to the optical phenomena of instruments like the camera obscura which bundles rays of light and projects an image that is turned upside down. Throughout centuries efforts had been made to

turn this image around again. A process that closely intertwined the history of vision and knowledge, of seeing and comprehending. Convex and concave glasses and mirrors were used to explore how our sight can be affected. Not only to reflect our surrounding, but to create images artificially, to play with invisibility and illusions. To focus and select, and finally being able to reproduce images. Publish, circulate and stream.

For images, as well as for capital, as well as for data in general it seems effortless to move around, to circulate, to smoothly cross borders. For bodies however it remains difficult to overcome the given obstacles 70 years ago my grandmother was in the situation of expulsion the need of finding a new home a situation that turned into a permanent condition of so many today. To take the spoons with her carried a hope of being able to actually use them again, hoping that there would be a soup waiting to be eaten. The fact that I am here today with these silver spoons is the proof that her hopes could be fulfilled. And now I took the spoons and by turning them into an image I'm also throwing them into another soup. A soup, that indeed is feeding us, however, as we have to realize, might not be able to satisfy anyone's hunger.

ПИДЕ

ХК



234

235

КОКОШКА НЕЛ

КРАДА



238

| | |
|-----|--------------------|
| | CONSTANT DESIRE |
| | • |
| yes | • |
| | ABUNDANCE |
| No | • |
| | WORLD CITIZEN |
| yes | • |
| | • |
| | ALIENATION |
| No | • |

| | |
|------|--------------------|
| | INNER BORDERS |
| | • |
| No | • |
| | SELF- REJECTION |
| No | • |
| | REFUGEE |
| IN | • |
| YOWL | • |
| | OWN COUNTRY |
| No | • |
| | • |
| yes | HEALING |
| | yes |

| | |
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| | • |
| yes | STATE OF REFUGEE |
| | • |
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| | AIRBNB |
| No | HOSTS |
| | • |
| | • |
| yes | • |
| | NON PLACE |
| yes | • |

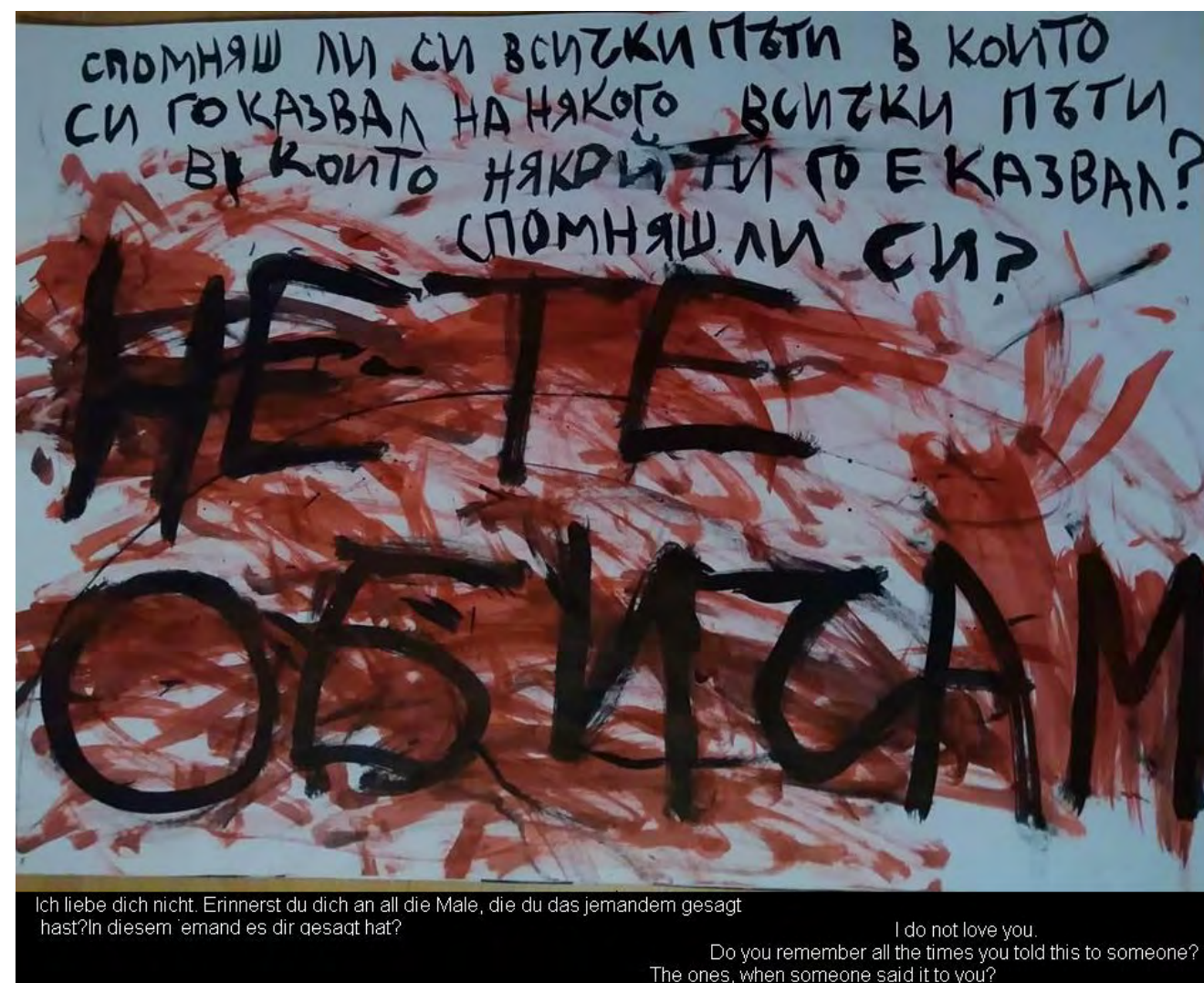
239

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| | • |
| SOUL TOUCH | yes |
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| BODY CURRENCY | No |
| | • |
| | MIND YACKING |
| No | • |
| | VOID AS |
| VIEWS | • |



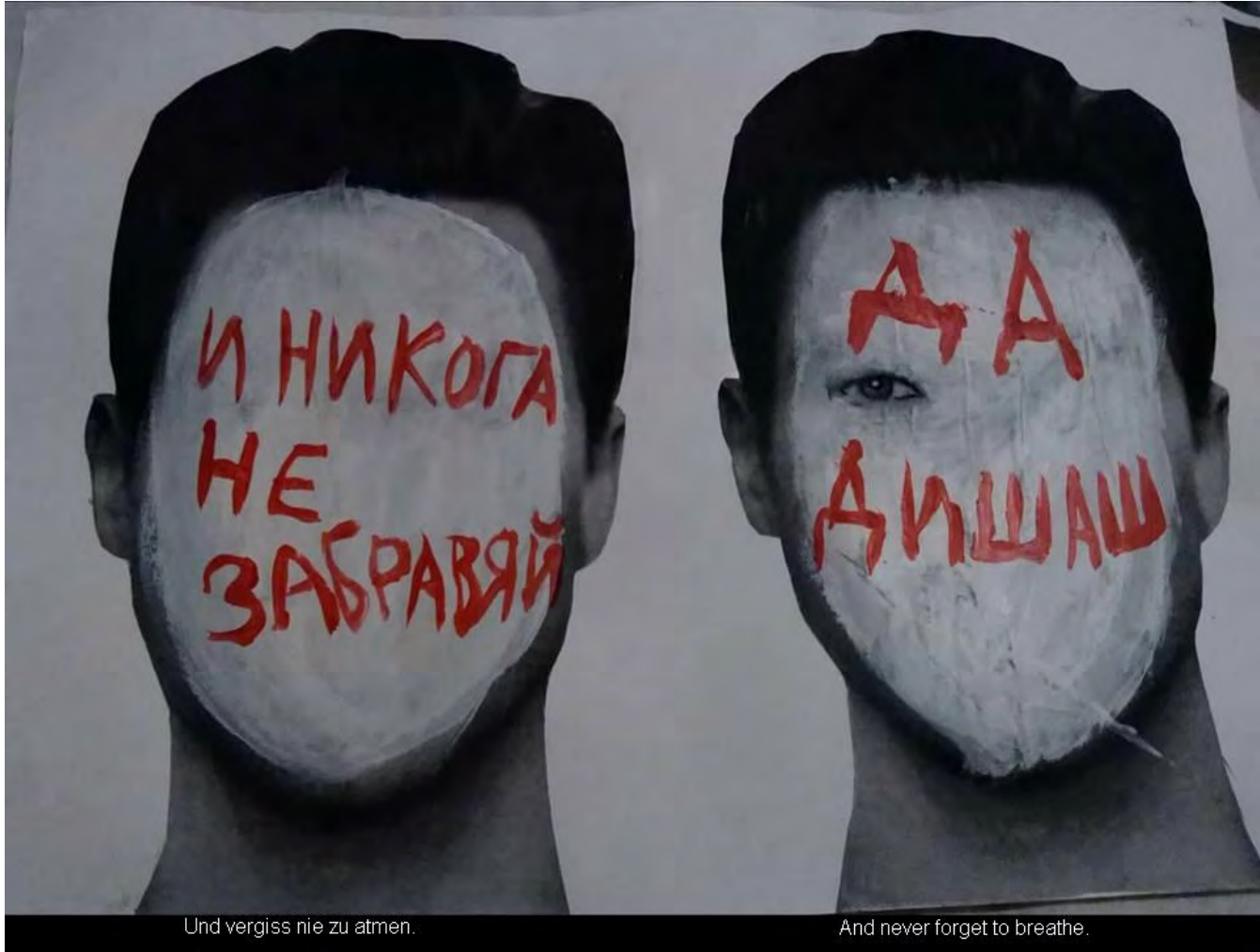
Аз живея със затворени очи

Ich lebe mit geschlossenen Augen.
I live with closed eyes.

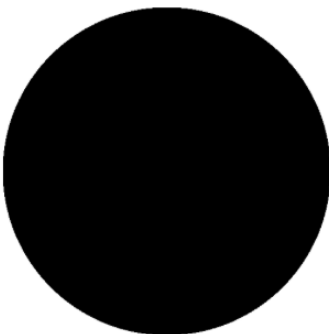


Ich liebe dich nicht. Erinnerst du dich an all die Male, die du das jemandem gesagt hast?/In diesem 'emand es dir gesagt hat?

I do not love you.
Do you remember all the times you told this to someone?
The ones, when someone said it to you?



Какво е това?



Черна дупка
Вход към друга вселена
(изход от тази вселена)
Зеница
Философия
НОЩ?

Не се знае
Болка? Кръгче Въпрос Шегичка
Тунел? Черен кръг

Ами
нищо Какво е това нещо, по дяволите? Пълна лудост
не знам мръсотия Много думи за нищо
Повод за празни приказки Това е метафора
Опит да се правиш на интересен неведение
подигравка една душа липса на идеи
точка на гърба на калинка една душа

брилянтно произведение!
любов безсънни нощи глупост
въздух под налягане я млъквай! много неща
БУНТ! концептуализъм
това е липса много неща нещо като нищо като
нещо

Adam Riches

Adam Riches is an emerging British painter and draughtsman. Primarily monochromatic, his characteristically stylised portraits and figurative works are sensitive responses to the human condition, ranging from furious expressive moments to poignant, melancholy reflections. In pen on paper and oil on linen, Riches’ searing explorations of the human psyche delve into the effect of current social and political issues upon the individual and the way in which people behave towards one another.

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Anna Zett

Anna Zett is an artist, author, director of films and radio plays, born in Leipzig and living in Berlin. Using image, sound, text and performance Zett revisits modernist myths and rituals, critically exploring their remaining potential for personal and political orientation. The (US-American) dinosaur as an industrial and imperial emblem has been the subject of a larger research project, that also lead to an essay film and a video work, both published in 2014.

This article was edited by and originally published with The New Inquiry in August 2015, <https://thenewinquiry.com/the-paradox-of-progress/>

<http://www.annazett.net/>

Anouk Kruithof

AHEAD is an ongoing project that appears in different site-specific versions, shown previously in the project space FOUR A.M. in New York (2015), PhotoRoad Festival in Gibellina, Sicily (2016), Centro de la Imagen, Mexico City (2017) and was part of FAÇADE, open-air art festival, Middelburg, The Netherlands (2017).

<https://www.anoukkruithof.nl/>

Anton Stoianov

Credits : Xavier Laboulbenne gallery, Berlin

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Catherine Bell

Dr Catherine Bell is a multi-disciplinary artist and Associate Professor teaching visual art in the Faculty of Education and Arts, Australian Catholic University. Her creative-led research is focused on the role of the artist in the archive and healthcare setting, art on the margins, socially-engaged, participatory and relational art practices, redefining and repositioning the female in contemporary society and challenging taboos surrounding death and dying. She is represented by Sutton Gallery, Melbourne.

<https://filmfreeway.com/TheArtists>

Carlos Kong

[https://artandarchaeology.princeton.edu/](https://artandarchaeology.princeton.edu/people/students/carlos-kong)

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Coco Katsura

Rope concept by CoCo Katsura

Photo by Dominik Schultess

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[http://www.cocokatsura.com/](http://www.cocokatsura.com)

Desearch Repartment

The DR came out of a political shift in the early 2000s that coincided with an artistic shift to socially engaged practices and the introduction of social media. The identity politics of the ’90s were just too restrictive. When the walls fell on 9/11 these uptight views also fell away, opening up a new sense of cultural, political, and social relativity where artistic colonization could become acceptable again. Through the combined genesis of social media and social practices, the commodification of human relations became a stepping stone on which the DR built its foundation and laid the groundwork for the ESSENTIALHAPPINESSPOSSIBILITY. Our vision of durational futures was inspired by leading contemporary artists, but above all by two sensational white male art stars new to the canon: George W. Bush and Donald J. Trump.

<http://desearchrepartment.com/>

Dimitar Karanikolov

Many thanks to the lovely young people from Dlananje for helping me make these shots!

{ Leica Q }

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Katja Mater

Katja Mater is a visual artist born in may 1979. Starting from an in-depth investigation of the medium-specific parameters of photography and film, she meditates on time, space, perception and performance. Interested in revealing a different or alternative (experience of) reality through capturing the areas where optical media hardly behave like the human eye. To record events that simultaneously can and cannot be, holding midway between information and interpretation. Referring to a parallel realities that are or were, but never really exist because they are beyond our gaze.

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Kinga Kielczynska

Credits for the text : Kinga Kielczynska, Death in Reverse, 2017

Credits for the image: Kinga Kielczynska, Białowieża flayer, 2016

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Krasimira Butseva

Investigating politics, history and memory in her practice, Krasimira Butseva constructs narratives who aim to recount past events, trauma and justice, and human behaviour. Krasimira works with personal, found and archival imagery, text and video

in the creation of multi-layered narratives which take form in installations and books. In her work Slices of Red she studied personal and collective memory of the everyday life under the Iron Curtain and created collages from a found family album.

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Mehdi-Georges Lahlou

/IT’S MORE SEXY (2012)

GHIRLANDAIO and LIPPI

Collection Gigi & Marcel Burg

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Courtesy Galerie Transit (Mechelen)

graphite on photography

24 x 34 cm + frame

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This text extract is part of “The Notebook” – an artist publication by Michaela Lakova presented at *Past-Present - Utopian dream for a nu(un)clear future*, solo exhibition at Æther Sofia.

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Nicholas Mcarthur

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Nikolay Karabinovych

(b. 1988) lives and work in Kyiv and Odessa. Since 2009 Nikolay Karabinovych have been taking part in numerous group exhibitions, performances and other projects.

Works with video, text, sound and performative activities. Karabinovych practice appeals to categories of the place and the time. He is deeply interested in “fluid identities” of post-socialist Eastern Europe, clashes between new nationalisms and contradictions of historical narratives. Using instruments of institutional critics he refers to determination of artists` place in society and system of art. Other important topic of Karabinovych practice is his work with music archive as anthropological source concerning its universal language which is common understandable.

www.karabinovych.com

Olivia Descampe

oliviadescampe.com

Or Harpaz

<http://www.orharpaz.com/>

Oren Pinhassi

Second Nature, 2018, umbrellas, steel, plaster, burlap, sand, pigment, glass, vaseline, bath towels, cup holders

<https://orenpinhassi.com/>

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www.pqi.hotglue.me

Radoslav Maglov

<http://radoslavmaglov.com/>

Rebecca Beachy

www.rebecca-beachy.com

Sarah Ancelle Schönfeld

<https://www.sarahschoenfeld.de/>

Silvia Amancei and Bogdan Armanu

[https://www.youtube.com/channel/](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCgze4X0veMMeNxbUjdmT25Q)

[UCgze4X0veMMeNxbUjdmT25Q](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCgze4X0veMMeNxbUjdmT25Q)

Simone Gilges

<http://www.honey-suckle.com/>

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Stephanie Ballantine

Credit for the graphic

concept : Regina Rack

<https://stephanieballantine.com/>

Stephanie Rau

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stefanie-rau.com

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<http://vittovalentinov.com/>

Viviana Druga

<https://vivianadruga.com>

Voin de Voin

<https://voinvoin.wixsite.com/voindevoin>

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and SOFT POWER PALACE Team,
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SOFTPOWERPALACE



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